



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

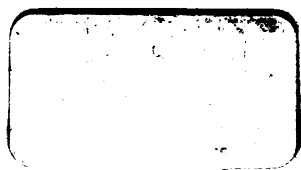
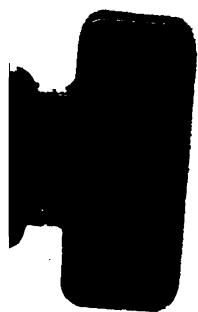
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 06665729 1

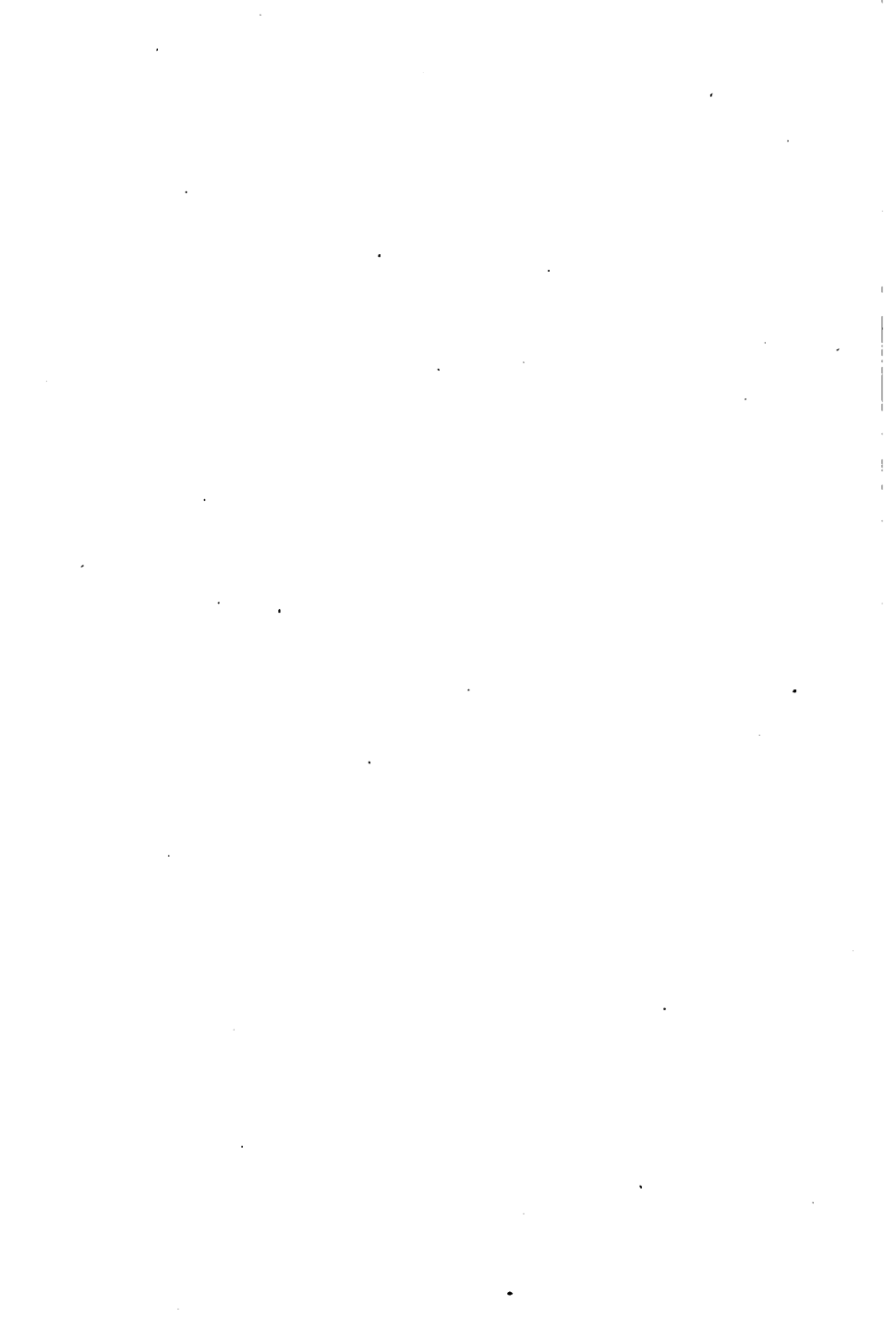
Songs of a Deeper Note

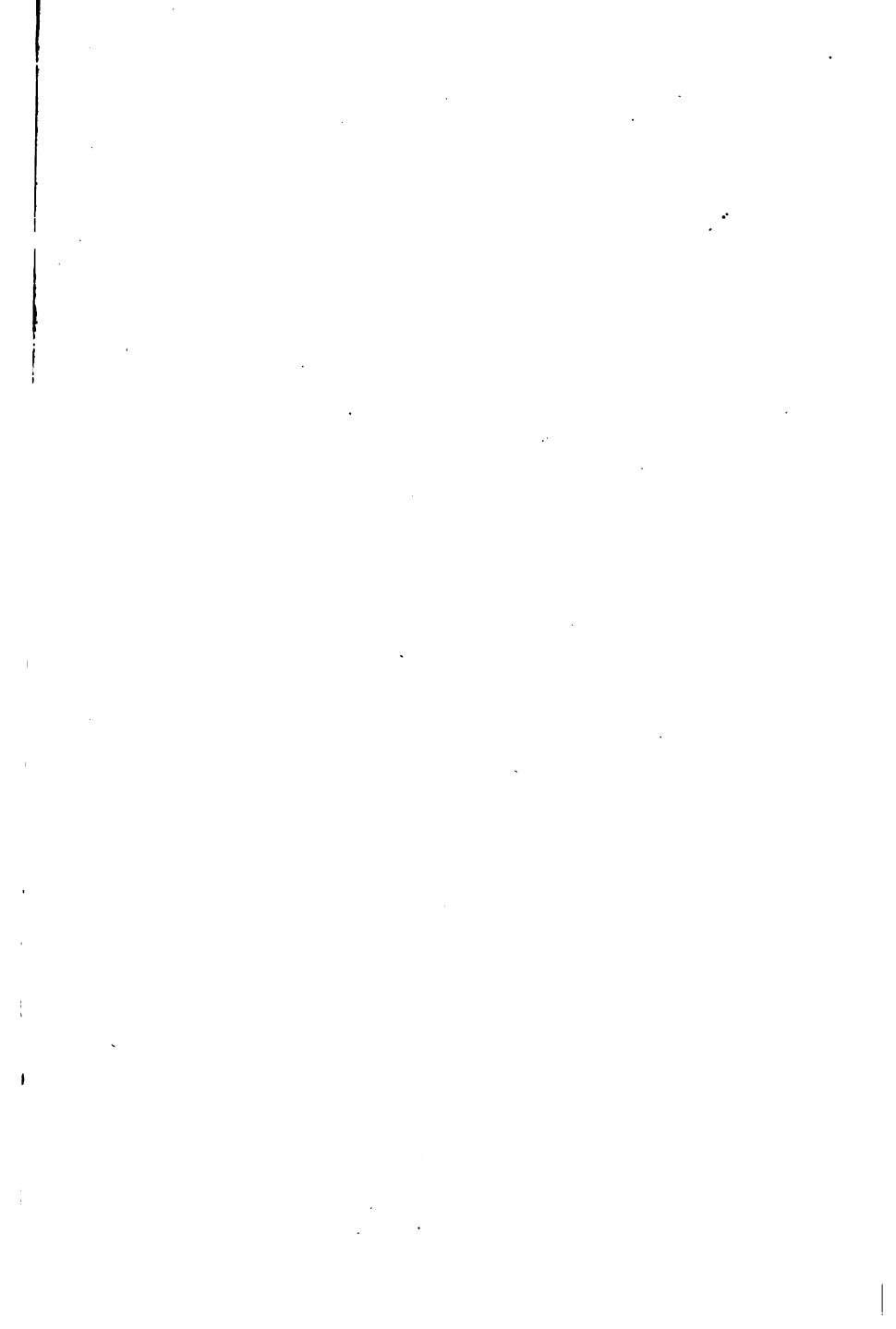
Edmund Corliss Sherburne



(Shaban

N. 1









Songs of a Deeper Note



T
P
1



Deeper Note

BY

MUND CORLE HERRBERNE



BOSTON

Richard G. Badger

The Gorham Press

1904

MA.



Songs of a Deeper Note

BY

EDMUND CORLIS SHERBURNE



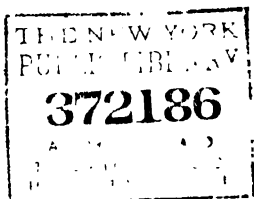
BOSTON

Richard G. Badger

The Gorham Press

1904

O.F.



Copyright 1904 by E. C. Sherburne

All Rights Reserved

*Printed at
The Gorham Press
Boston, U. S. A*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Prodigal	11
The Youth of David	26
Jacob at Bethel	31
The Monk of St. Agnes	35
Sabbath Bells	36
After a Neighbor's Accident	37
If There Had Been No Christ	38
The Resurrection	39
Gloria in Excelsis	41
In Port	42
The Snow	43
The Beloved	44
The Sailing of the White Swan	45
The Child's View of Autumn	47
Response	49
Be Thou a Song Bird	51
Cherish the Beautiful	52
Autumn Leaves	53
A Stroll	54
To Dr. Pond	54
At the Sepulchre	55
A November Evening	57
Dethroned	58
Are They Not Ministering Spirits?	61
To my Wife	62
In Memoriam — Hosea Doton	64
Charles Henry Vaughan	68
Our Country	69
New England	72
New England the Land of the Pilgrims	73

Index - 9 May 1906, 1907

Vermont to her Returning Children	76
An Ode	77
Dewey at Manilla	78
The Fame of Washington	79
Boston	80
At the Manufactory	82
After an Evening with Longfellow	84
America to King Edward VII	85
A Tale	86
Restlessness	90
School Discipline	92
How Benjamin Rix Became Governor	94
The New Dairying of John Wood	100
I Dare the Storm	105

THE PRODIGAL

O ME unhappy,
How base, how low, how abject my condition !
Quick has been my descent, complete my ruin,
I, like a young and goodly tree, am fallen
And in the mire and filth am prostrate lying,
While now my healthy trunk should rise o'ertop-
ping
The other trees o'the wood. There, should my
branches
Be ever touched by fairest gales from heaven,
And each day should they grow in grace and
beauty,
Wretch that I am ! The swine that I am feed-
ing
Are nobler than am I among God's creatures,
For they were bred in filth, in filth were littered,
Their instincts base ; their natures are ignoble,
While I, well born and given a virtuous train-
ing,
By mine own folly have begot my ruin,
By my own vices wrought I my disgraces.

Hungry I rise from out a fitful slumber,
And with the food of swine I break my fasting.

Filled with the husks, I ever suffer hunger,
A faintness in my fullness most tormenting.
From out my cave I issue forth at morning,
Chilled by the damp of night. No mantle have I
That will enwrap me, and thus gain protection.
Naked I found the earth, a welcome stranger ;
A naked outcast now, save the scant garments
Whose shreds will scarce sustain their filthy burden.
The torrid sun, shining with fiery splendor,
Darts his fierce beams, unpitying, upon me,
While I must watch and tend my mean companions,
Till the day closes and the dews of evening
Find me upon the mountain, unprotected
I, like the savage beasts upon the mountain,
Seek a rude cave for shelter and protection,
And on the stones, cold, cheerless, and unpitying,
Drop my worn self, — my prayer, an imprecation,
And fall to sleep, full of strange dreams and
direful.

I, whilom, fair and strong as the proud cedar,
Health in each vein, my muscles strong as iron,
Now bear the penalty of my excesses,
Now show the marks of my severe exposures.
Languid, I rise, at the red sun's dread summons,
Like a whipped beast, begin a new day's labor,
Cheered by no sight of living human beings,
Helped by no tones, tender and sympathizing,
Instead I hear the grim dread tones of Famine
Give me my choice, " Labor or else starvation."
And yet my sick heart shows, my languid body
Tells me, I shall not long endure this service.

My shame, my solitude and my exposure
Will do their work, anon, sure as fell poison.
One friend I find I have yet unestranged,
And he'll come close and still more closely to me
And one day touch my cheek, and ease my sorrows.

Yet life to me has not been all a burden,
Many the joys I've had, as I recall them,
Had many friends, constant, and true and faithful,

Passed many years in peace, almost halcyon.
My childhood's home ! It seems almost enchanted,
As from this distance, I behold its outline.

Fond hearts were there ready to give me welcome

With my first cry for home, and for protection,
A mother's lips oft touched my cheeks with kisses,

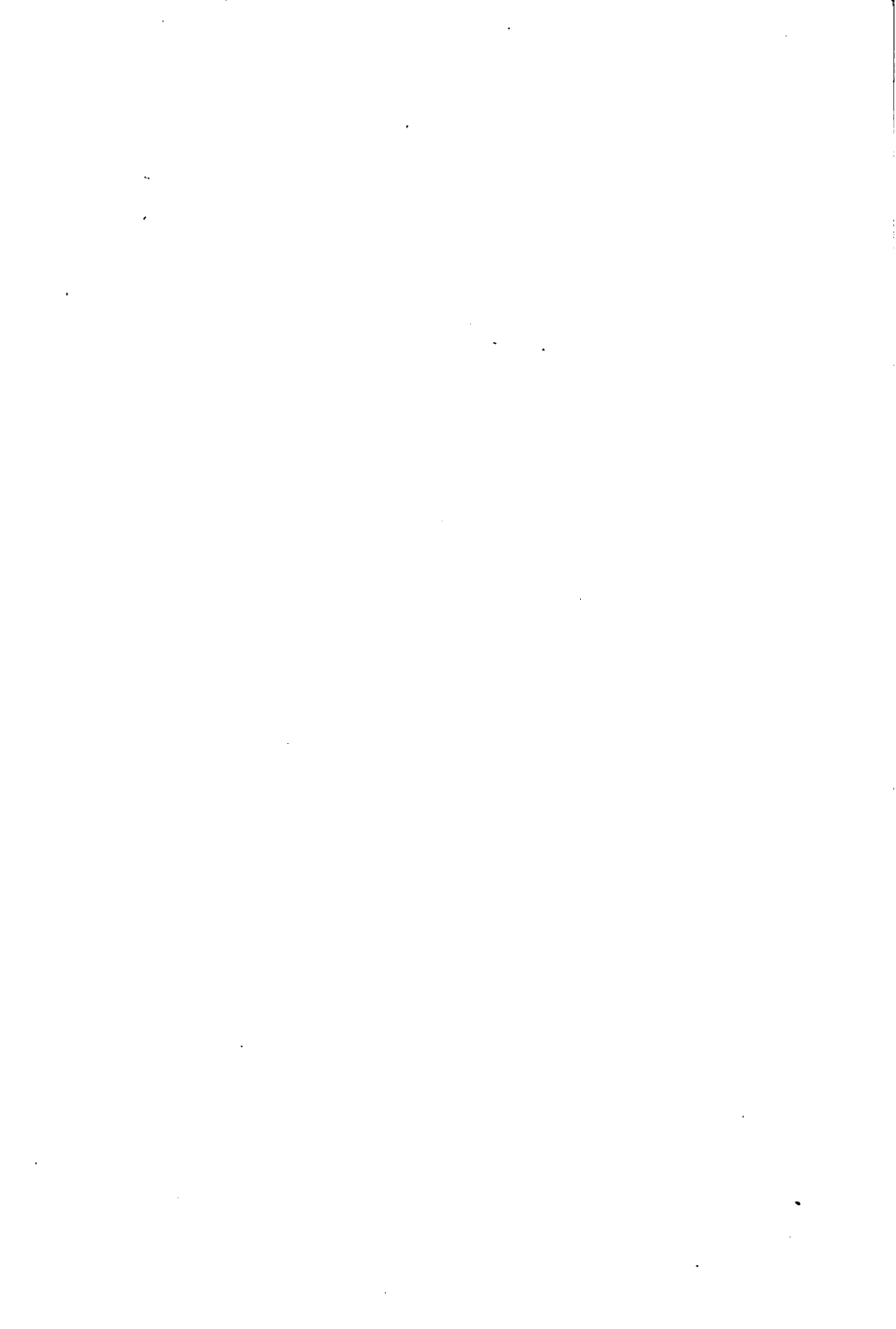
A father led, and gave me goodly counsel,
There never knew I of the pangs of hunger,
No lack had I of good and comely raiment,
And when the fierce storms raged, and flashed the lightning,

A friendly roof was near to give protection,
And when aweary with my easy service
Found there a place of rest, O how delightful !

My native land ! No land I've found so lovely,
Though I have travelled to a distant country.

Nowhere the sky so blue, the air so balmy,
So calm the vales, so high and bold the mountains,

Nowhere so clear the brooks, so pure the waters,



T
P
T



Deeper Note

BY CLAUDE CLARKE



Illustrated by

Richard C. Dudgeon

The University Press

1924

Till thou wouldst fall some day, lest Heaven fore-
fend it

And find complete and absolute thy ruin.
I pray thee think no further on thy project,
But bide here in thy home and with thy people.
Here is a field suited to thine ambition
If thou appliest it in the proper channel,
Ere long the fruit will fall that thou desirest,
But if thou pluckest it now, thou'lt take it unripe,
Stay a few years to be my staff and comfort,
Stay a few years for thine own weal and welfare,
Stay a few years for God's sake and the nation's,
And when I die thou'lt find thy portion greater
By being coupled with a father's blessing."

I know not I what hateful demon seized me
And of my reason took complete possession,
I wanted nothing of my father's counsel,
I listened to it with suppressed impatience,
My spirit chafed me from his mild suggestions,
My voice was husky with my deep emotions
As I replied : "I've sought, Sir, your permission
To do what I shall do though you refuse me,
My mind shall be, henceforth, my only sovereign,
And I shall heed it, Sir, in its dictation
Before your God's or your own proper counsel.
Thou mayest refuse that which to me belongeth
And give it my staid brother if thou wilt —
I'll be no beggar for a mess of pottage —
But I shall go, Sir, with a mind untrammelled —
Remember wilt thou my prophetic statement? —
To happier lands and to a life of pleasure."
I turned and stalked away, big with importance,
My father did not speak, I thought him silenced
And gloried in it as a happy omen.

Then came the hurried days of preparation
For I was spurred on by a mad ambition,
My pride ran high as billows after tempests,
I lost no time in keeping my rash purpose
And on the third day started on my journey.
I left my home without a tender feeling,—
The fields, the vineyards, and the old time mansion
Awoke in me no train of recollection
When for the last time I did gaze upon them,
With faithful friends I shed no tears at parting
Nor did I bid adieu to those held dearest.

As doth the lightning from the unclouded heavens
Descend to earth without a previous warning
And striking lays the gnarled old oak prostrate
So did my words, since coming unexpected
Fall with a heavy blow upon my father
And reft him near of life. At length recovering
He learned from friends my settled purpose,
Wailed a long wail; one for the dead befitting.
“Alas! My sun goes clouded to its setting
When I had hoped a peaceful quiet evening
Now am I by my God severe afflicted;
I know no greater trial for a father,
I should have wept warm tears, for they were fitting
Had death been agent in our separation,
But now he'll seek his grave through much of
suffering,
Shame and contempt in heaps will lie upon him, ■
In death his body will be food for ravens,—
But no; he'll think of home in his dejection,
And reft of pride and of his mad ambition
Will come anon seeking some small protection.
Then will I grasp him with a hearty welcome

And he shall feel that I forgive him freely.
I cannot see him now; 'tis well I do not
But I would have thee haste to the exchangers,
Collect these dues! 'twill be a fine large fortune,
And bear it to my son and bid him take it.
He asked me for his portion; He shall have it,
I would that he would use it most discreetly,
But do not tell him so 'twould but enrage him.
This only say as thou dost give the money
Thy father sends the portion thou desirest
And with it sends a father's true affection,
Go if he must and Heaven attend his journeyings.

How easy is it when the mind is evil
To enter upon schemes of wild delusion
The sinful mind finds, ever, means of sinning,
The reckless soul runs to its own undoing
With freedom as the river to the ocean,—
Now there was in our native village camping
A caravan of merchants, who were travelling
With a long train of horses and of camels,
Laden with costly goods to Alexandria.
I sought the chief and easy gained permission
To join the train and travel with it onward.

Upon the morrow just ere our departure
Elisima, my father's servant, met me,
Took me aside and showed me my possessions;
Ten thousand shekels, had my father sent me
In gold, beside he gave the laden camel,
A faithful servant also who should guide him
And give his labor for my needful service.
How my heart bounded as I knew my fortune,
What thoughts of greatness took fast hold upon me
I felt that I had wrought a great achievement

And thought the omens fair and most propitious.
Now might I travel as became my station,
Now had I chance to show my haughty spirit,
Now might I traffic without let or hinderance.

Within our train were men of many nations,
Egyptian, Syrian, Roman, Ethiopian,
Many had wealth and bore signs of distinction
In costly robes, with steeds of golden trappings.
I would not travel with a lesser splendor
Than any of my wealthy, proud companions.
My horse, I chose him for his noble bearing,
His haughty step, his wide dilating nostrils,
His eye of fire, his arched neck of thunder.
I spared no pains nor cost upon his trappings
And had them wrought in gold and set with jewels.
My homely robes I doffed for gay apparel
For finest linen and for royal purple
'Broidered with silk and blue and gold and purple.
Princely I looked as I bestrid my charger,
Princely I felt, and, like a mighty leader,
My gold I lavished with as liberal freedom
As if my fortune was to be replenished
By an extensive province tributary,—
We journeyed; and I felt I grew in favor
With all the proudest spirits in our party,
I liked their ways and I enjoyed their customs,
So different from the staid old Jewish notions
Where all were hampered by their stern religion.
We feasted on choice viands as we travelled,
We drank the best of wines in golden goblets
And told our tales of love and of adventure
And spent our nights in music and in dalliance.
Thus in due time we reached our destination
And rode with pride into the far famed city,
Then came our halt, and then our separation.

Within an inn I now took up my lodgings
And made me friends by scattering money freely,
My days and nights I gave them up to pleasure,
To what would please the eye, or charm the senses,
And lived a gay and wild voluptuary.

As are the forest trees with foliage laden
Soon rendered bare by frosts and storms of
Autumn

And as the lake though broad and deep the waters
Is quickly emptied by a mighty channel,
So passed from me my good and large possessions
Through the large channel of my dissipation,
And soon I reached my very latest shekel,
I sold my camel, and I spent the proceeds,
I pawned my horse but never could redeem him,
I gambled with my robes and with my jewels
With varying fortune ; but in the end I lost them.
Then was I driven amid much jeer and cursing
From all my former haunts of dissipation
As if I was a vile and filthy being.

I walked the streets, no eye did smile upon me,
I saw good homes but no door for me opened,
And in the streets I made my first encampment.
I saw the stars shine clear and cold from heaven
As if they saw me not, or not regarded,
I felt there was no heart of love above me,
In man no tenderness, and no compassion.
I reasoned thus : " Why lie I here and famish
When there is wealth and plenty all around me,
The selfish world will let me die of hunger.
Why not or rob or steal and live in comfort ?
None care for me, why should I care for others ?
The rich will let me die ere give a penny,
What if I slay the rich and live in fullness
I thought ; and quick my plan had executed

Had not a power above kept me from murder.
I saw a merchant, He was travelling homeward
I knew his gains were large by land and ocean
I bade him give his fortune for his ransom,
I vowed him death upon his least resistance,
When lo! a soldier passing by beheld us,
Seized me, and hurried me in haste to prison.
For weeks I languished in a dreary dungeon
And bore my sufferings with a sullen spirit.
Then came release, but through the bastinado
And banishment in shame far from the city.

For days I travelled like the veriest beggar,
Aimless and purposeless I cared not whither,
The lands I entered grew more wild and barren,
More wild and rude and savage were the people.
At length the fruitage failed me by the wayside,
Nor by my pleadings could I gain a morsel,
Then sought I work, (for hunger made me urgent,)
To pay for aught to satisfy my cravings,
But there the servant was not greatly needed
Or else they doubted of my honest purpose.
Famished, at length I came across the swine-herd,
Begged for some labor, though at merest pittance,
And was assigned to this my mean employment.

Is this the fair land of my eager fancy?
Am I the youth with fortune disaffected
Within a home where all was peace and fullness?
Am I the son reared with a careful guidance,
The pride and hope of an indulgent father?
Alas! Alas! How great is my declension,
My pride and folly have complete undone me,
And I shall die a guilty wretched being.

God's ways are just ; and he who scorns His counsel

Shall reap ere long the fruit of his deservings,
We may reject Him, when we hear Him speaking,
And seek to flee away, far from His presence
But He will follow us in all our wanderings
And punish us for every sin committed,
They who will sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind,

And the eternal law cannot be broken.

I will not enter on a palliation

Of my past sins ; for they were great and grievous,
And though my days have been filled up with groanings,

I feel the stripes were laid on me in mercy,
The pains we feel in body or in conscience
Come from some good and wise law violated,
And it is wisdom for us in our smartings
To trace betimes the cause of all our troubles
To their own source, and with the resolution
Never to dally longer with the evil.

Why stay I here like to a servile bondman
And look to death alone to gain deliverance
And thus to culminate my life of folly?
How many of my father's hired servants
Have bread enough and more, while I am starving.
I left a good land for a land uncertain,
Shall I not leave this famine stricken country
For that good land where labor is rewarded,
Since for a time, at least, I needs must labor,
Perchance my father will receive my service,
How sweet to work within that dear old vineyard
Though I should labor as a common servant,

How sweet to see the kind face of my father
Although he speaks to me no word paternal,
How sweet to be among those dear kind people,
To enjoy their converse and with them to worship.

I will arise and go, oh, sweet deliverance !
Far from this land of hateful reminiscence
I would depart although my course was hindered
By the Arch Fiend, supported by his angels.
The way is long, and I shall pass through perils
Before I reach my home and destination,
But I would go, though brooks were swelled to
 torrents,
Though sloping hills were changed to craggy
 mountains,
Although the valleys all were arid deserts
And wilder and far fiercer were the people,
I would surmount all things or die attempting.

I will arise and go unto my father,
Footsore and naked I shall come into his presence
And I will say while I am fallen prostrate,
“ Father I’ve sinned against High Heaven most
 grievous,
Thou seest thyself my shame and degradation.
Call me not Son, for I am all unworthy,
But make me, if thou wilt, thy hired servant,
And thou shalt find that I will serve thee faithful.

I will arise and go ; I have a future
In which to make amends for all my folly,
And I may bless God in no far off distance
That He has laid His hand on me correcting.

THE YOUTH OF DAVID

THE sun was set behind Judea's hill,
His parting rays just laved the woody heights
And with mild halo kissed the world good night.

Then came the shepherds with their bleating
trains

To their rude folds. Their sheep they marked
As one by one they enter in, then each
The entrance bars secure, and watching still
Abide with them by night.

High on those rugged hills, the shepherds led
Their flocks; deep in the solitude where foot
Of man sought not to penetrate save when
The grass failed on the parched slopes below.
For their flocks' welfare they must needs forego
The frequent social mingling of their kin
And kind, and seek companionship (Since man
Must find an ear to listen to his words.)
With their own flocks, calling the sheep by name,
And with their faithful sympathizing dogs,
Or when the tempest caused the hills to quake
And the gnarled oak to fall within its path,
Or when the countless stars shone in the sky
Or the round moon walked its majestic height,
Communed as Nature's sons with Nature's God
And worshipped and adored that hand Divine
Whose power they recognized, Whose presence
felt,

Although His attributes were dimly known.

Though rude in culture and uncouth in dress,
Bronzed by the Summer's heat and Winter's cold,
Judea's youth oft made her hills resound
With song and shout, with pipe and harp,

Accompanied, perchance, with thoughts of God,
But yet who failed, for want of words to sing
His praise with psalm and hymn or speak the
strange

Emotions of the human heart as the
Soul sought to rest, e'en as a lamb in peace,
Watched fondly by a tender shepherd's care.

But there was one who played the harp that night
Whom God was training to unlock man's speech
And give him words to worship and adore
His Maker, which the soul of man demands
And 'till then only free.

Unconscious of his powers or God's decree
Concerning him, the youthful David led
His father's sheep by day, and faithful to
His trust, abode with them by night,
Youngest of all his father's sons, and scarce
Remembered as a son at all, more like
A servant to the man and sons, he was
Deputed to the solitary hills,
While his tall brothers followed in the wars.

As David foldward led his flock that night
Followed by all the simple happy train,
His boyish step assumed a measured tread
And his bright eyes a more imperial look,
He was a victor marching to his camp,—
His flock, an army filled with valiant men.
The rude fold, nearing, soon his dream dispelled
And his scant supper gathered from the fields
Touched him as if he was an outlawed chief.
No hope for him, no means whereby to serve
His God or king. Philistia kept the field

And he must live a feeder, only, of the silly sheep,
Then his tears fell and desolation reigned
Supreme.

But now his harp he took, The harp that oft
Had soothed him in his solitude ; and his
Light hands but touched the strings, when music
such

As David's harp alone could wake and such
As Angels love, trembled a moment on
The dewey air ; then all was still, and calm
His soul. Resigned, he waited only God's behest,
And hoped in Him alone.

But hark ! This is not pipe nor harp nor voice
From human throat, that sends a tremor o'er
Those craggy hills. The lion roaring stalks
Abroad for prey, the wolf growls fierce as he
Pursues the deer, the deer pursued swift
As the winds doth fly, the owl upon the cliff
Complains, and the lone heron following, sobs
And sighs.

How many a time had David held those beasts
At bay ! How many a time had scaled those cliffs
Fearless as the most reckless thing that climbs
Or flies, and slew the bold intruder e'en
Within his lair, and snatched from him the prey.
But now as he recalled his many strange
Escapes from danger, and appalling death,
He felt no strength nor might of his had slain
The growling bear, nor eye of his had led
His feet aright in his adventures 'mong
Those caverned hills.
'Twas God, the God of Jacob surely was
His God, He had redeemed his soul from death
His feet from falling and his eyes from tears —

Then heavenward raised his eyes, and with firm
voice

He vowed, "Before Jehovah I will walk
Through all the days that He shall give me life."

A wonderous scene was that
Which met the upturned eyes of the fair youth.
The deep blue of the cloudless sky hung like
A canopy above the hills, jeweled.
With countless orbs that flashed and sparkled from
Their distant spheres; far, far away in that
Mysterious realm of space.

"Vast are His works," he mused, "O, then how
great

Must that Creator be Who fills not Earth alone
But Whose law governs the most distant spheres,
Who holds the heavens aloft, an easy thing!
The Earth His handiwork declares, but the
High heavens His majesty and power supreme,
And what is man? How small a thing he is!
A mote, yea less, when he is measured by
The Universe.—And yet how great when he
Is measured by God's love concerning him,
But little lower than the cherubim
With glory crowned, with honor still sustained,
Yea visited by God all for man's good,
While he, rebellious, spurned his righteous laws
And prized His mercies as of little worth.—
He, He alone is good! And excellent His name
O'er all the earth."

Oft when in later years
King David sat upon his throne, secure,
And fed his people Israel like a flock,
And all was prosperous in his prudent reign,
He dwelt in rapture on his shepherd life,—

The canopy of gold above his throne
Was not so glorious as the open heavens
Nor rich perfumes brought far by princely hands
So sweet as fragrance of uncultured flowers.
No safer felt he with his mailed guards
Than when alone, far from all human eyes,
And then, — when friends proved false and recre-
ant to
Their trusts, and earthly goods proved frail, he
longed
To fly, swift to the solitude, away
From cursings and away from cares.

The same high courage David showed in war
And the same prudence of his regal reign
And the same constancy unto his friends
And the same reverence for his God in Heaven
He had evinced on Bethlèhem's hills, before
He thought of sword, or crown, or throne.

He was a child of Nature. Nor could camp
Nor court lessen his love for Nature in
Her ruder forms. His psalms attest this fact ;
The God of Israel trained him for his work
That he might speak for Israel not alone,
But for all tribes and clans, peoples and tongues,
The varied feelings of the human heart.

JACOB AT BETHEL

AND Jacob left his home and went toward Haran.

Fear lent the exile wings with which to fly
From his fierce brother's wrath. No pause he made
In his swift haste, although the way was wild,
Till the sun set behind Mount Ephraim's heights,
And shades of night hung heavy on the plain
(A fitting cover from his wary foe).
Then took he stones for pillows for his head
And laid him down in that place for to sleep.

But sleep, the follower of the quiet mind,
Of him of even, uneventful life,
Came not, as when a herder of his flocks
He lay himself beneath some spreading tree
And easy walked the land Forgetfulness.
But now he writhed upon his stony couch
As the slow hours dragged wearily along.

At length he spoke, venting his grief in words,
"And has it come to this, I am become
An exile and a vagrant in the earth?
Home, Home, thou blessed name! How much I
loved

That fair, fresh land, in which my years have sped.
Pleasant to me my simple homely toil,
Pleasant my simple fare from flock and field,
Pleasant to me the voice that called me 'Son,'
Her gentle eye watched well my untrained feet,
A friend, protector, counsellor in one.
There did I dwell content nor cared to roam.
Fair land! I see thee now invested with a charm
That makes each mean and homely object fair,
And thy fair scenes, O how exceeding fair!
How can I leave thee, Eden, in thy bloom,
Leave all those scenes in which my heart is bound,
And wander friendless to an unknown land?

How the slow hours will drag their lengths along !
The days reluctant add them unto months,
The months to years, yet bring to me no hope.
Fierce is my brother's wrath ; that fire will burn
With unabated fury through the years
Till he shall find and slay me with his hand.

“ And how shall I in that far land commence
Anew the work of life, with my possessions gone,
Save this poor staff, reminder of my woes ?
What can I hope to gain through years of toil
Save the poor lengthening of a worthless life,
Rich only in the thoughts of by-gone days ?
Who there will cheer me as I, brooding, pine
On my sad state, or help me with a smile ?
To God I cannot look, for there their gods
Are idol gods, made by the hand of man
From things of earth, and impotent to help.
I cannot speak to Heaven and there be heard,
For the great God, Jehovah, Abraham's God,
Isaac, my father's God and father's friend,
Is there unsought, and he is there unknown.

How shall the blessing promised me so late
In me be now fulfilled ? How shall God give
To me the dew of Heaven, the fatness of
The earth, plenty of corn and wine ?
How shall the people serve, the nations bow
To me ? How shall I e'er become lord o'er
My mother's sons, and they bow down to me ?
How cursed shall he become who curses me,
And blessed be he whom I shall please to bless ?
Dark seems my future ! Dark Thy ways, O God !
My heart is sick, my hope has wholly fled,—
Now sleep comes o'er me ! Would that sleep were
death.”

He slept, he dreamed, and lo ! a ladder set
Upon the earth, the top reached unto Heaven,
And thereupon angels of God went up
And down. And lo ! the Lord above it said,
"I am Jehovah, God of Abraham,
Thy father ; I, even I, am Isaac's God.
The land whereon thou liest, to thee I give,
And to thy seed ; and they shall be e'en as
The dust of earth, and thou shalt spread abroad
Unto the west, and to the east, and to
The north, and to the south ; in thee and in
Thy seed shall the whole earth be blessed.
And lo ! I am with thee and I will keep
Thee in all places whither thou dost go,
And I will bring thee back again unto
This land. I will abide with thee till all
Has been fulfilled."

And Jacob waked from sleep, and wondering said,
"Surely the Lord is in this place, although
I knew it not." And he was sore afraid
And said, "How dreadful is this place ! This is
None other than the house of God, and this
The gate of Heaven." Then Jacob rose while yet
The morn was young, and set his pillow for
A pillar up, anointing it with oil ;
And which became a mentor speaking through
The distant years, of God's great mercy
To his well beloved.

And Jacob vowed a vow : "If God will be
With me, and keep me in the way I go,
If He will kindly give me bread to eat
And raiment to put on ; so that I come
Again unto my father's house in peace,
Then shall the Lord be evermore my God,

And this same stone which for a pillar stands
Shall be God's house, and of His gifts to me
A tenth of all I will return to Him.

"I now will go my way unto that land
To dwell among the people of the East.
The way will open for me as I pass,
For One will guide me Who will never err.
No danger need I fear, nor man, nor beast
Can have power o'er me though they purpose ill,
Because the Lord, even the Most High God
Will be around me for my good.
Joy may be mine while in that land I dwell,
Compared with which past happiness were tame.
Have they not human hearts that will respond
With fervor to the stranger of their kin?
Is there not one—my parents will it so,
I think it is God's will, and for this cause
I am led hence — that I should take a wife
Who will become the happy mother of
A race elect. Will not the rapture of
That new-found love dispel the bitterness
Of broken ties, and make the years, though long
And filled with toil, pass by on silken wings
So swift that many years will seem but a few days?

"I go my way, poor as to earthly goods;
The veriest beggar is as rich as I,
But He Who formed all creatures by His word
Still claims the wild beasts of the forests His,
And all the cattle on a thousand hills.
He makes the vine to grow and yield her fruit,
The young corn stands dependent on his power,
And shall not He in Whom all fullness dwells,
Dispense His bounties as it seemeth good?

He wills and brings down princes from their seats,
And He exalts the lowly to the throne,
He makes His favored flourish in their ways
Despite the schemes and plotting of all foes.
Perchance in that far land to which I go,
The Lord will bless me richly in my ways,
And show me many a token of His love,
An earnest of the glories to be mine."

THE MONK OF ST. AGNES

O THOU Who art the Truth, the Way,
Forgive my erring thoughts I pray.

I am so ignorant and weak,
Some token of Thy love I seek.

O that these eager eyes of mine
Could see Thy glorious face divine,

Or that Thy hand on me were laid
And voice could hear, "Be not afraid."

I fain would follow at Thy side,
And near Thee would be satisfied.

Canst Thou not in Thy grace arise,
And draw the vail 'twixt earth and skies?

One glance of that fair heavenly scene
Would make my spirit calm, serene.

I still shall wait with hope and fear
Till Thou Who art my Life appear.

SABBATH BELLS

I HEAR the church bells ringing
This pleasant Sabbath day ;
They call to praise and worship,
I hasten to obey.

Welcome the joyful tidings
That church spires still arise,
And bells in sweeter concord
Ring underneath all skies.

Praises in fullest measure
To Thee, O God, belong
Through bells and deep-toned organs
And all the wealth of song.

Welcome the blessed Sabbath,
The one best day of days,
When Earth comes nearest heaven
In service, rest and praise.

AFTER A NEIGHBOR'S ACCIDENT

THE world is full of dangers, Lord,
Some case each day I see,
I know not when the hour will come
Thy hand will fall on me.

First I would thank Thee for this life,
The wondrous life I live,
And all the blessings of the past
Thou hast vouchsafed to give.

And I would thank Thee for the pain,
For every want and ill,
For they have made, not marred my life,
I trust unto Thy will.

Each day I would begin with trust
And leave with Thee the close,
Whether I make my bed in pain
Or Thou dost grant repose.

So would I dwell secure in Thee,
In Thee find my repose,
Humble amidst Thy favoring smile,
Undaunted midst life's woes.

IF THERE HAD BEEN NO CHRIST

IF there had been no Christ
How dark the world had been,
Dark in its social life
As well as dark in sin.

Then had we never known
The Christian Sabbath day
With all its joy and peace
In many a helpful way.

We never should have known
The merry Christmas morn
With all its glee and gifts,
If Christ had not been born.

Nor Easter with its flowers,
Close after winter's prison,
With palms and glad acclaim,
Had not our Lord arisen.

We sing His songs in grief,
We sing His songs in mirth,
We sing the songs of Christian hope
With the last rites of earth.

The social ties that bind us here
To Christ for Whom we've striven,
Doth make this world a paradise,
The anteroom of Heaven.

THE RESURRECTION

O THOU the Christ, now on Thy throne exalted
Above all heights of every name and power,
Wilt Thou accept from us our poor oblation,
Yet of our best, on this glad Easter hour.

We think to-day of that great condescension
From the abode of Bliss to realms of Earth,
And all the toil and grief thereto pertaining,
Yet freely borne, and of that humble birth.

We think of that sweet life, so pure and sinless,
Of those kind acts, through every passing hour,
Of loftiest thoughts that were before unspoken,
Of gentlest words to sinful ones, and poor.

And last of all, and final consummation,
The life He gave for an unthankful world,
Who shrank not though the cross rose just before
Him,
Though taunts and jeers should at His name be
hurled.

He gave His life — and all the air was darkened,
And on the earth fell universal gloom,
While but a few, only a few disciples
Unnailed the form and bore it to the tomb.

But on the third day, when His friends, disheart-
ened,
Came early to bring spices to the tomb,
They found the great stone rolled away by angels,
Within they found nought but an empty room,

Save those bright forms that often hover near us,
But seen perchance more oft in grief or prison,
Who said, "Weep not, *His* friends, or be disheart-
ened,
Behold! The Lord ye seek for is arisen."

Many a day the loved disciples saw Him,
Many an earnest talk of future work was given,
And with His last words in a benediction
Arose above the clouds ascending Heaven.

And there He dwells ! and He will dwell forever,
Not less intent then erst the world to save,
And He will have His wish and reign triumphant
As He arose triumphant o'er the grave.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

SUCH love as Thou hast shown
This world had never known,
That thou mightest save Thine own,
Jesus, our Lord.

That from Thy throne of light
Invested with all might,
Thou didst forego Thy right
As King Supreme.

And came to Earth abase
That thou mightest win the race
From its most woful case
Made by the "Fall."

Yea, camest to Earth and died,
Wast scorned and crucified,
Then entered glorified
Thy throne of yore.

Thy work has been well done,
The centuries as they run
Proclaim the peerless One
Of woman born.

Therefore we join the song
With all the Heavenly throng,
And would the notes prolong
"Worthy the Lamb."

IN PORT

HOW strange it seems ! How wondrous queer
In a world so large, we should find ourselves
here.

Tossed to and fro by the tempest drear,
This haven we've found and safety here.

Buoyed on these waters calm and clear
We'll shape well our course ere we go from here.

To Duties' cause our course we will steer,
Where Conscience points when we sail from here.

We must go anon, we have much to fear
This is no haven to winter, here.

But ere we go we shall shed a tear
When we say 'good-bye' to the kind friends here.

And then, when the day is bright and clear
And the wind wails we will launch from here.

And unto the deep with all good cheer
Will commit ourselves as we loose from here.

Hoping a deeper port we may near
And broader bays than these are here.

For One is our Father ever dear
Who will bear us away, Who bore us here.

THE SNOW

AS I saw the snow flakes coming down
Spreading a mantle o'er all the town
A mantle of white on all below
My heart rejoiced for the falling snow.

Changed was the dingy dusty street
To a carpet of purity 'neath the feet
And brown bare fields exposed to view
Were covered all with stainless snow.

The patient earth defaced and torn
Cursed for man's sake—what hath it borne
Thistle and thorn alike lie low,
Over them gathers the falling snow.

Beauty and purity ! sweetest of words
That the language of man affords
Where in the wide, wide world would I go
That all should be pure and fresh as the snow.

Our hearts we must carry where we stray
And read our thoughts from day to day
We may not hide them from our view
Lay them oblivious, 'neath the snow.

Send to me Lord, the gentle rain
To wash my heart from every stain
Cleanse me not, cover my sins from view
Lest passions melt the garb of snow.

The snows will come and melt away
Beneath the sun's refulgent ray,
While the new life will ever glow
Purer and whiter than the snow.

THE BELOVED

THROW open, throw open the window
And here the sweet sunlight we'll bring,
With the breeze from over the meadow
Fresh with the odors of Spring.

In death I see nought of terror,
Or ghostly the way to the tomb,
The way from this world to another
Is but as a step from a room.

Her nature tender and trusting,
Ever gentle and fragile and fair,
She met the dark angel confiding
The untried journey to share.

Her heart overflowing with goodness
Gushed forth from its fullness within,
She could walk with the vile and the sinful
And take no pollution from sin.

O! Earth I love thee the better,
That here may be found on the sod
With us and bearing our nature,
The finer touch of our God.

Peace follow her! gentlest of maidens,
Her pathway leads to the tomb,
Without stain, tarnish or ruffle,
A blossom plucked in full bloom.

THE SAILING OF THE WHITE SWAN

THE *White Swan* left the harbor,
A goodly ship was she,
And with her colors flying
Stood proudly out to sea.

Again we said our farewells
From ship and from the shore,
We bade them bear our greetings
To friends the ocean o'er.

Their faces beamed, how brightly,
Health was every vein,
Our friendships had been pleasant,
Our parting without pain.

Again they signalled farewell!
Their faces lost to view,
We waved them back a farewell,
It was our last adieu.

We heard sweet strains of music
Come with the breaker's roar,
The voice of peace and triumph,—
Life had so much in store.

The god of day rolled lower,
His level rays sent back,
Then wheeled beneath the water
Right in the vessel's track.

O wondrous transformation!
That pen hath never told —
The sheen, the gilding, glory,
The wealth of gem and gold

That overspread the landscape ;
The clouds, the sky, the sea !
The mountains felt the presence
And every shrub and tree.

We saw the *White Swan* sailing,
Her topmasts in the clouds,
And all her sails were lambent,
And all her masts and shrouds.

We saw the clouds divided
Close to the water's crest,
And saw the good ship enter
The country of the blessed.

We saw the heavenly city,
The streets were paved with gold,
And therein saw the Temple
And riches manifold.

Then forms appeared less brightly,
Fair scenes were lost to view,
But safe we knew was anchored
The *White Swan* with her crew.

The *White Swan* left the harbor
Ten years ago and more,
But never since has anchored
On any earthly shore.

Friends waited, hungered, sickened,
There never came a word,
The ocean keeps the secret,
Perchance some ocean bird.

I think of them translated
Like that good man of old,
And entering Heaven and Glory
All in a flame of gold.

THE CHILD'S VIEW OF AUTUMN

HOW fierce the wild wind shakes the trees !
Out in the storm to-day,
How wearily the blast sweeps by !
The wild scene startles me.

Mother, this seems not like the world
The Spring's sun shone upon,
The time of green leaves, birds and flowers
When babbling waters run.

Not one sweet wild flower can be found,
Turn whiche'er way I will,
Through cultured fields or densest wood,
On hillside or by rill.

But yesterday the sun shone forth
Unclouded from his throne,
The sky wore not an angry look,
No gale was heard to moan.

Perhaps, I thought, the frogs do pipe
Down by the willow tree,
And wild with joy are welcoming
Spring's first sweet glorious day.

I hied me to the same rude seat,
The same moss covered stone
Where long I listened in sweet spring
By the wild wood alone.

No sound whate'er did greet my ear
No life sound from the pool,
Nor ripple rose or bubble broke,
All silent and dull and cool.

At night instead of pleasant sounds
Wild cries come from the wood,
And savage yells and piercing screams,
Curdling my very blood.

What means it that the somber calms
Like that of yesterday,
So soon give place to driving storms
Wide over land and sea ?

Why is it that the leaves turn pale
And then fall to the ground,
And all the fields look brown and bare
Where green did once abound ?

My cage bird sings not half so sweet,
His plumage not so gay,—
I know if he were free to roam
He too would fly away.

Death, Death has thorough done his work,
All things are in decay,
Gloom settles over all the land
Silence on all I see.

But yet you say the spring will come
And leaves grace every tree,
And flowers spring fragrant from the ground
And soft winds from the sea.

In this I dare not trust the thought,—
I can not now believe
In brighter or in better days,
However long I live.

Since all Earth's loveliest forms are hid
Far from my searching eye,
Were it not that you love me so
I too would wish to die.

I cannot fathom this great world,
Too intricate and deep,
I'm lost ere I can trace it through,
I'm weary and would sleep.

RESPONSE

SLEEP, thou young warbler, .
As innocent and pure as they, whose well
Remembered songs thou longest so much to hear.
Sleep on, my sweet, and fairies guard thy rest,
Bring to thy mind visions of peace and joy,
Of summer's rosy form, verdant with leaves,
Of waving fields stirred by refreshing gales,
And flowers, the sweet wild flowers, O strew them by
The brooklet's bank,— there would I lay the scene,
My child's resort,— make the clear waters laugh,
Kissing the narrow banks, while far and near
From the soft grass to mighty forest trees,
From the low marsh to the surrounding hills,
Comes up the voice of song and melody,—
Yea, all, all living things tune your best songs
And in one grand and swelling chorus join.
“Fear not, sweet maid, we will ere long come back
Speed in our wings and joy in every track.”

To-night, no doubt, in far off southern climes
The feathered tribes hold their gay festivals,
'Neath skies as mild, 'mong fields as freshly robed
In their attire of green, as ours in May.
They have no fear of the great storms that range
Tumultuously our hills and devastate
The plains. They had escaped, yea, happily
Had left ere the first omen of the storm
Glowered in the west, while yet the air was warm
And the tame winds but lightly stirred the leaves.

Wondrous the instincts in God's humble hosts
To serve their ways of life. How know the new
Fledged birds that safety lay in flight to lands
Remote? Who points to them, so sure, the way
In the dark night and under cloudy heavens,
A land congenial to each lowly life?

I stand before Thee awed,
O Thou unfathomed One Who leadest birds
Aright, and hast a place for the repulsive newt
In Thy great scheme of life. And yet with all
Thy care and pride of works,—Thou didst pro-
nounce

All good — O why? Why all this death in life?
The fairest forms and best are not immune
From the fell Reaper with his sickle keen.

Like thee, my child, I fail and stumbling fall
E'en at the threshold, when I'd find out God.
His ways are in the sea; and in dark clouds
His purposes are hid.
Yet I would rest content in the strong arms
Of Love, assured that had I higher powers
I'd know that an Eternal Spring will come
And all be well.

BE THOU A SONG BIRD

To —

THERE is an ancient legend
That the Christ Child, one day
Made in His play a song bird
Out of the common clay.

Then in His eager rapture
Bade it arise with song,
And cheer the fields and hamlet
Through all the Summer long.

A child of the same Father,
Brother of that dear Son,
Thou mayest do work as mighty
As the Christ Child has done.

Make of thyself a song bird
In this thy human clay,
To sing in Summer's sunshine
And in bleak Winter's day.

The world needs much of brightness
Of innocence and song,
Of gentleness and kindness
Amidst its sin and wrong.

CHERISH THE BEAUTIFUL

WE toil from day to day through all our years
Where'er we wander, whither we are led
How many an anxious thought we give! How
many tears

O'er the great problem "How shall we be fed,"
While little thought we give and little care
For the rich treasures round us everywhere
In this world beautiful.

We see the rich grass grow, and waving grain,
We see our sleek herds as they graze, afield,
And look upon them with an eye for gain
And pride ourselves on an excessive yield
Of such material things, the fair scene
We prize too little when our hills are green,
The landscape beautiful.

See with what grace kind Nature clothes the trees,
How numberless, and gorgeous are the flowers,
How gay and lively all the birds and bees
As they flash forth among the leafy bowers,
Why all this wealth of color, grace and song
Through all the long days of the Summer long
But for the beautiful?

Shall we with all the world around us fair
With tastes responsive, if we will behold,
Give all our time, and energy and care
To gain our bread? or baser still, our gold
While the kind Author bids us but look up
And He will pour rich sweets into our cup,
Even the Beautiful.

Not at the first will He the chalice fill.
Things of rare worth, come only through the years,
But we may daily quaff sweet draughts, and still
Find the cup filling, sparkling, while it cheers,
This is the draught, for which the sages sung
To make the young face fair, and old age ever
young.

The Pure and Beautiful.

Come then worn toiler, muckworm of the ground
Look to the hills, and higher, still, the skies,
Yea, in your labors, ever look around
Think, thou, the thoughts of Him, the Great
All-wise
Who made the world, and all within it good
Not all for raiment for mankind, and food,
But made all beautiful.

AUTUMN LEAVES

FLOWERS of the fading year! Since other
flowers,

Children of sunshine and the showers are gone,
Their petals closed, ere the imperious storm
Beat in wild fury o'er their quiet bowers.
These will I bind, and they may well adorn
Those rooms that in soft Summer hours
Were graced with blossoms of the mead and lawn.
(Much do I prize them and adore their power —)
Thrice are these welcome, since that frosts and
storms

Bring out the riches of their varied dye,
And pictured Time with lean and stooping form
Improves, then mars them as he passes by.
Well for our lives if they may still glow warm
And grow more beauteous ere we fall and die.

A STROLL

I AM in from a stroll this morning
Through woodland and flower-decked grove,
Where I dwelt on the glories pertaining
To spring, the sweet season of love.

Ah! many a gem of wisdom
Have I learned in those sylvan bowers,
Even birds are charming instructors,
We may learn from ferns, mosses and flowers.

In those rambles the thoughts turn upward
Unto Him Who made them, above,
To the giver of all our mercies,
E'en to God, the fount of all love.

TO DR. POND

(*A Sonnet*)

HONOR to him, and peace his ways attend
Who, when his step was firm and arm was
strong,
Fought for the right and e'er opposed the wrong
And lived and labored for a noble end,
Who, while life's candle now more dimly burns,
Whose failing powers of solemn days portend,
Yet for the good with the same ardor yearns
As when he fought and when he did contend.
They who build well will see their work survive
When they do rest them from their arduous toil
And see their work advanced, and others strive
Until the structure rises fair and tall.
Long may our leader live with strength to pray
For that good cause he prospered in his day.

AT THE SEPULCHRE

DEAR mother, since thy resting place
Will be henceforth in Earth's embrace,
This calm and pleasant spot
Shall be the one for which we yearn,
The one to which our thoughts will turn
Till all else is forgot.

With filial hands we rear the stone
That marks this place so much our own,
Through all the coming years,
While pain and loss shall mark our way
Onward, unto our dying day,
Joy not unmixed with tears.

May Heavenly angels guard thy rest
And gentlest, kindest forms and best
By thee be felt and heard.
And thou awaken from thy sleep
So gentle, so profound and deep,
At the first falling word.

Those gentle hands, or weak, or strong,
Have labored for us all so long,
So well, as child and man.
While love was wrought in every seam,
And true love prompted every dream,
And tempered every plan.

While we, unthinking oft, and rude,
In every phase of childish mood
Grew lithesome, glad and strong,
And made the dear old farm house ring
With song; for we were born to sing.—
Glad and spontaneous song!

O, precious days ! O golden years !
How sweet, how blissful all appears !
Our own dear childhood's home.
While ever foremost in the scene
There stands Her Majesty, the Queen,
Her loyal kingdom come.

Broken that paradise. Long since have none
Only the stranger, trod the old hearthstone.
But the loved dead remain,
And some kind neighbors that we loved of old.
The church is here that gathered in the fold —
The mountain, lake and plain.

Sleep midst the scenes thou ever lovedst the best,
Calm thy repose and plentiful thy rest,
Waiting until the morn ;
Till He Who comes in lightning from the skies
Shall call, and every saint asleep will rise
As unto life new-born.

A NOVEMBER EVENING

THE shades of night fall early,
The clouds are cold and gray,
A pall of mist comes sweeping
Out from old ocean's way.

The mist that palls the landscape
Casts on my heart a gloom,
And shadowy forms seem sweeping
Out from old ocean's tomb.

Thou who by time made dearer
My chosen one, my bride,
Come, when the storm clouds gather,
More closely to my side.

Come, but come not with music,
For me it hath no charm
To chase away the shadows
Or medicine or balm.

Come, but come not with converse
Or gentle, grave or gay,
Thy voice, sweet as the thristle's,
I would not hear to-day.

Come with your fond caresses
And place a hand in mine,
And soothe this throbbing temple
Near the good heart of thine.

Then let the storm clouds gather,
Or mists or phantoms ride,
I'll rest amidst the tumult
Of earth and ocean-tide.

DETHRONED

TO-DAY the good farm passes
 Into a stranger's hands,
The house, the barns, the meadows,
And all the pleasant lands.

The good home rendered sacred
By many a thousand tie,—
I leave it all too quickly,
With a tear I have said "good bye."

To-day I have looked my farewell
On the fair scenes, one by one,
Nor ceased in the sad leave taking
Until the setting sun

Sank low behind the mountains
And twilight cast a gloom,
When Earth seemed full of shadows
Earth's flowers without perfume.

Twelve years ago this morning
We made this place our home,
The landscape smiled upon us
And the sun from heaven's blue dome.

A home, a home in the country !
Away from the city's strife,
To dwell near the heart of Nature,
That seemed for us most of life.

And so we bought the old farm
Soon after we were wed,—
John who was bred a scholar,
And I who was gently bred.

And here we poured our savings,—
A good round pile of gold,—
The house was old and rumbling,
The meadow wet and cold.

But we built, removed, remodelled,
Till our ideal stood,
Then we gazed with pride upon it
And called it very good.

And John subdued the meadow
With many sturdy blows,
Till all the land's a garden
And blossoms as a rose.

The bills, they came upon us
As fierce wolves for their prey,
But we smote the foremost of them
And kept the rest at bay.

'Twas work, but our hearts were youthful,
And we ever paid our dues,
Lessened the mortgage yearly,
Bought some good things to use.

Some books of the standard authors
Some music that we loved,
Some magazines and papers,
To tell how the great world moved.

And so we loved and labored,
By slow degrees we rose,—
Not o'er crushed hearts and bleeding,
Not over fallen foes.

One day the firm step faltered,
And ere we were aware,
No human skill could save him,
No tenderness or care.

For as the sun sinks downward,
Swift in the crimson west,
So sank his strong form downward,
Unto the grave—and rest.

He died as the warrior dieth,
With his armor buckled on,
In the midst of life's great battle,
The victory almost won.

He fought with as great a valor
As those who have gained a crown,—
His life was as pure and noble
As Arthur's of old renown.

And yet he has died unnoticed,
And will forgotten sleep,
Save by a few, — his dear ones,—
Perhaps it's for this I weep.

Bloom, flowers in the fields around him,
Sing, birds in the trees above,
Little he'll need men's plaudits
If only he have your love.

And I, like poor Carlotta,
And Eugenia the fair,
Shall leave my home and empire
In grief but not despair.

For George I must train a scholar,
And trust that he will choose
An easier, gentler calling,
Where *merit* has its dues.

ARE THEY NOT MINISTERING SPIRITS?

COME, angels, pure in garments white,
And bide around this couch to-night.

The sufferer labors on his way
And may not reach another day.

Beyond our aid our boy has gone
And walks the untried way alone.

Come, then, swift messengers of light
And let him feel your presence bright.

Let him recline on some fond breast
And find a solace there and rest.

And—if the soul shall leave the clay
Go with it on its heavenward way.

TO MY WIFE

DEC. 25, 1898

MY love to thee I bring
On this glad Christmas tide,
A richer, truer love
Than offered thee, a bride.

E'en then I thought I knew,—
But only knew in part,—
The meekness of thy mind,
The graces of thy heart.

I thought I knew thy love,—
But then not understood
That love so pure, so strong,
Seen in best womanhood.

That love has been my boon
Through all the passing years,
Warm as the orbs of light
And constant as the spheres.

In it I've found my rest,
My comfort and repose,
'Neath adverse winds of fate
And all the storms that rose.

Thy love has made me strong
To suffer and endure,
Sure of one loyal heart,
If need be, doubly sure.

Pain, dear, has been thy lot
So much! through all the years,
But cheery words were thine,
And smiles, instead of tears.

A life so pure and sweet,
Unselfish and serene,
Is rare in human form,
Thy peer I have not seen.

Such lives may tell, I ween,
More for their Savior Lord
Than many active years
With voluble word.

So ever live and love
As the dear Lord has willed,
Thy task when done meseems,
Shall have been will fulfilled.

IN MEMORIUM, — HOSEA DOTON

ONCE when a sage, who was about to die
Reviewed his life work, in the days gone by,—
Thought on his hopes, his labors, cares and fears
That came on trooping to him, through the years—
Thought on some good deeds that his hands had
done

And of more efforts scarcely but begun ;—
Bewailed the limitation of his powers,
Wept for the opposition to the good that towers
So prominent within the lives of men,
And makes one's efforts often seem in vain.
And then — "Oh, no, 'tis not a grand career
The blare of which doth reach the dumbest ear
That is a test of worth ! A loving heart
Prompting the man to do his every part
In life, in sweet submission to that Hand
That placed him here, and Who his life's work
planned,

He, he, though humble, he shall be the one
To be yet cheered by the glad words 'Well done.'
If friends shall o'er my mound some marble raise
To tell when I was born and length of days,
Chisel no deeds of mine that I have done,
They seem so small, viewed in life's setting sun,
Engrave this only with the iron pen
Beneath my name : 'He loved his fellow men.' "

Upon another marble soon to rise
We trust in fair proportion to the skies,
Tribute to *his* true worth, yet once again
Write o'er that gentle heart and teeming brain
Now hushed in death, his name and length of day,
And when he came and when he went away ;

Write o'er his grave, for it is true again
We knew him, all — "He loved his fellow men."
Add but one line in simple justice moved
O Sculptor add "By whom he was beloved."

His name we cherish who on life's highway
Travels the even tenor of his way,
His eye fixed wisely on the wished for end,
But who will stop oftentimes that he may lend
Aid to the weaker ones, now pushed along
And crushed too oft by the unfeeling throng,
They save their lives in sacred memories' shrine
Who give their lives in acts of love sublime,
They loose their lives who flying do contend
With flying men to gain the better end.

What shall I say of him we held so dear?
Is there a fitter tribute than a tear?
As I look backward through my falling tears,
Back through the flight of the revolving years,
I see him, still, the calm and thoughtful man
Guiding his pupils in a pathway plain,
Teaching them well and ably from the book,
And still impressing them with that wise look.

I've travelled, somewhat, in the world since then
And seen full many of our foremost men,
Studied with those who easily will stand
Among the foremost teachers of the land,
But of the many faces I have seen
I know no kindlier or more thoughtful mien.

I know full well that to the untaught mind
Things trivial, small, and of the meanest kind
Seem great unto the vision. E'en a few
Square leagues of land, and the o'erarching blue
Seems a great world! The hills of awful height,
His burg a mighty mart, and in his sight
The low red schoolhouse set upon a hill
The highest type of architectural skill,
While the mere tyro who doth hold the rule
The wisest head that ever taught a school.
But there are those who're born and reared in
sight

Of some bold mountain's wildest, dizziest height,
And there are those whose youthful feet are led
By those of gentlest heart and clearest head.
The first will find that wheresoe'er they roam
No grander views than in their childhood's home,
The others' hearts, where'er their feet may wend,
Will still go back to teacher and to friend.

A certain orator of ancient fame,
And his will ever be a classic name,
Urged upon all who'd think and talk sublime
To give a goodly portion of his time
In contemplation of celestial things,
And the wise Tully bids the thought take wings
Oft to the heavens above; that thus the mind
Become more broadened, and be less confined,
And such will think and act, that sage declares
"Grander and abler in all life's affairs,"
So will the man be more and more in soul
With Him Who guides the Universal Whole.

So came he by that grand and thoughtful mien
That all observers surely must have seen,
And by his step; as if his feet had trod
Within the secret chambers of his God,
So by his words that strangely would inspire
Within the minds of youth, ambition's fire,
So came he by his love to the great God
And all his creatures on terrestrial sod,
And so his faith, submissive and resigned
To the All-Wise and All-Controlling mind.

His eyes are closed, and evermore that great
And noble heart will cease to palpitate,
But yet his influence will long remain
Upon the lives and characters of men.

CHARLES HENRY VAUGHAN

AND there has passed us in the great procession
A rare and blameless life,—
Serene and brave amidst all life's allotments —
Calm in a world of strife.

Yet was his life not one of mere retirement,
A recluse with his pen,
Who, from the loop holes of his study window,
Looked on his fellow men.

He walked with men ; and constant intermingled
In many business ways,
So delicate, that e'en an inadvertance
With some, would cause a blaze.

He did the work that was committed to him
With conscientious zeal,
And though his duties made him seem exacting
All those who knew him, feel

That he was lenient in the fullest measure
And kind beyond compare,
That many a burden that belonged to others,
Himself did freely bear.

His sympathies were large and all embracing
Where'er his knowledge ran,
And quick was he to further enterprises
That made for God and man.

Yea, love, Love was the mainspring of his being,
Through it he toiled and won,
And gained through it our deepest, best affections
Long ere his work was done.

OUR COUNTRY

Bangor, Dec. 8, 1874.

HAPPY are we that on this day
We breathe the air of liberty,
Happy our stately flag unfurled
Is honored over all the world.
That peace and concord now prevail
O'er all the land the giant flail
Of iron hate no more, no more
Threatening is raised on either shore.

Land of our love! Oh, who dare say
What shall thy future glories be,
When like a giant thou shalt stand
In all thy strength and might? A land
Rich in her soil, various her climes,
Rich in her quarries and rich in her mines.
Within our bays great fleets may safely ride
Bidding defiance to the wind and tide.

While our broad rivers rolling to the seas
Bear on their breasts rich freighted argosies,
Or, when diverted from their natural course
From over rocks, where erst their wild, hoarse
And sullen cadences, revealed their power
Turn great mill wheels nor seek an idle hour.

If thou, my land, still in thy youthful band
Mayest now among the proud old nations stand
Erect, and now by force assert thy right,
Who shall resist thee when in all thy might
Some decades hence thou speakest? What nation
stand

Before such foes whether on sea or land.

Though we do love thee, yet that love were vain
Did we look only to fair hill and plain,
Or to our lofty mountains forest crowned
Or our rich mines deep underneath the ground,
Or our long rivers or our tranquil bays
Or growing cities or industrial ways.

Not in great armies do we wish to boast
Nor ships of war defiant on our coast,
Nor in the teeming millions that shall be
Should they be men unworthy to be free.
Nature has lavished with as liberal hand
Her gifts, perchance, on here and there a land
As on our own : rich soil and genial skies,
Here a fair vale, and there bold mountains rise,
And yet no exile thither longing turns,
Nor the oppressed, but for our land he yearns,
Where loosed from shackles and from bondage
free

He may regain his heaven given liberty,
Freedom to think and freedom to express
His thoughts, and wrongs seek to redress,
Freedom to rise and liberty to tower
As high in social scale as kingly power,
We welcome all, and give an open door
To rich, the wise, the ignorant and poor,
Welcome as brothers, that both we and they
May ever dwell in closest sympathy,
And may we seek unitedly to be
Champions for truth and a large liberty.

All honor, then, to those who toiled and prayed
And the firm base of our Republic laid,
Honor their principles as well as deeds,
Honor their God, for we have yet their needs.
The base our fathers laid must still remain,
It has upheld us through the darkest rain,
No vandal hand may bear a stone away
Nor dare to touch one with impunity.

We have our duties, a great work to do
What was begun each age must still pursue,
Train up our children in fair virtue's way,
Teach them to value highly liberty,
Teach all to fear and love their Heavenly King,
Sing of His mercies, of His bounties, sing.

So may our mines their richest treasures yield
And our large harvests gladden every field,
Our mill wheels whirl industrious through the day,
And our large commerce whiten every sea,
No sectional ailment to be redressed
No brawls or mutinies to be repressed,
Learning and Liberty and Law and Love
Dwell in each hamlet wheresoe'er we move,
Such, my loved Country thou shouldst ever be
Until all nations pattern after thee.

NEW ENGLAND

NEW England ! Native hearthland !
The Pilgrim trodden West,
The home of our forefathers,
The soil in which they rest.

Prayer hallowed land, I love thee
With more than natal pride,
As thou has been, forever
Continue to abide.

Nursery of men ! I give thee
A title richly won,
As brave, and true and noble,
As e'er the world has known.

I see her sons far scattered
Wide over all the Land,
And where they plant their footsteps
They rise and firmly stand.

Be it our joy forever
To send the glad song forth,
New England's sons are equal
To the best men of earth.

NEW ENGLAND THE LAND OF THE PILGRIMS

THE northern air is crisp and clear,
Deep lies the Winter snow,
The leaden stars look grimly down
On the bleak world below.

A million homes now dot the land,
With cheerful fires aglow,
Nor reek we though the snow lies deep
Or biting tempests blow.

The blessings of a fruitful year
From fertile farms are ours,
Our barns and cellars burst with cheer
The wealth of sun and showers.

The school bell calls our children forth
From every vale and hill,
A ruddy, cheerful band they come
To drink from learning's rill.

Ten thousand churches, volumes speak,
Their white spires rising high,
Of love, and trust, and hope in Him
Who dwells beyond the sky.

I see our classic temples stand,
Deep their foundations lie,
The years but add new grace and strength
As they go sweeping by.

O prosperous people, happy state!
The nations wondering stand,
How great and marvellous thy growth
From that lone Pilgrim band.

They stepped upon our frozen shores
Weary with long delay,
Before them rose the cold gray wood,
Behind them rolled the sea.

They came, a few brave, humble souls,
And on a new world trod,
Rich, only in their zeal for Truth,
And reverence for God.

Think of that half-fed, half-clad band,
Through those cold Winter days,
Without protection from the storm
And the fierce wild man's ways.

Ah, many a sufferer lay down
In his last sleep to lie,
Ere the first mayflower oped its sweets
And soft winds wafted by.

Time passed ; and other vessels came
That brought them friends and store,
When homes were built and lands were tilled,
And hope revived once more.

Still, hardships ever were their lot
And dangers evermore
For adverse Fate seemed bent with Hate
To drive them from the shore.

Yet, midst their poverty and pain,
Too dreadful e'en to view,
The schoolhouse and the house of God
With their own houses grew.

Without the aid of kings or courts
A nation 'gan to grow,
That e'en an army could not stop,
A kingdom overthrow.

They went forth, weeping, sowing seed,
Most precious seed they sowed,
The children reap the golden fields
Where'er the Pilgrim strewed.

In cheerful homes, round blazing fires,
Still let the tale be told,
We cannot laud their deeds too high
And virtues manifold.

VERMONT TO HER RETURNING
CHILDREN

SONS of Vermont returning
From Fame's and Fortune's quest,
Accept our kindly greeting,
Come to our homes and rest.

We've followed all your labors,
We've joyed in each success,
Our love for you is greater
Than our best words express.

You've made Vermont stand lustrous
In all the land abroad,
You've helped to swell the reverence
For the Vermonter's God.

You took right torches with you,
Kindled from natal fires,
With wills firm as our mountains,
A zeal that never tires.

We who remain behind you
And keep the hearth fires bright—
(That takes our best endeavors
Our souls, our minds, our mights'.)

Are glad of larger openings
To Wealth, to Fame, to Power,
In which our sons may enter,—
Are entering every hour.

And in return we ask you,
For your good birth and dower,
Not to forget your homeland
But aid her in your power.

Aid her as you are able
In things that make for Truth,
Help to enlarge the vision
Of those who are in youth.

So shall Vermont stand peerless,
The purest and the best
Of all her brilliant sisters,
The queen state of the West.

AN ODE

STREW flowers o'er the fallen heroes,
Sweet flowers, where the patriots lie,
We prize the more their valor
As each year passes by.

We love the land they saved us
Through toil, and pain, and tears,
On battlefield, in prison,
Through those four bloody years.

We'll guard the land they left us,
And the same flag they bore,
We will defend as stoutly
As those brave men of yore.

DEWEY AT MANILLA

O, 'TWAS a famous fray,
On that fair morn in May,
When Dewey won the day,
In that old Spanish bay
Of fair Manilla.

When out of night arose
A fleet of vengeful foes —
Ready to give hard blows —
His plan of battle chose
In old Manilla.

Then burst forth shot and shell,
As from the mouth of Hell,
With deadly aim and well,
Till all Spain's colors fell
In proud Manilla.

Comrades if in the fray,
For which we fight and pray,
Peace comes with long delay,
Remember Dewey's way
In famed Manilla.

THE FAME OF WASHINGTON

THERE stand the mountain peaks, huge massive
piles

That rise in grandeur, towering to the sky,
Secure, majestic, calm, there they repose
As the years flee and centuries pass by.

But of those mighty peaks that wall the East,
There stands serenely forth the noblest one,
And all his fellows seem as dwarfed beside
That grand old form; the famed Mt. Washington.

Like his great namesake, 'mong the eternal hills,
Our annals bear no name, can hope for none
Whose fame will rise as high, or rest as sure
As that grand man's, the kingly *Washington*.

BOSTON

A LOVELY city by the sea,
Mother and nurse of Liberty,
So clean and active, strong and grand,
How fair you look, how firm you stand.
I love to walk in idle hours
And view her bulwarks and her towers,
And feel her great heart throb and beat
With such vehement feverish heat.

There grim and sullen stands a fort,
One of the few that guard the port ;
Their heavy guns trained far to sea
And looking fierce and threateningly,
While martial men train and parade
Sanguine upon the esplanade.
And there big warships anchored, sleep,
Their giant forms upon the deep.—
A word, and they will straightway fly
Where men will dare, if need be, die.

Here fleets of commerce anchored, lie,
Their masts, a forest rising high,
And busy men unload the store
From all the world upon the shore,
Or outward driven by steam or wind,
A hundred craft of every kind,
Do many a costly cargo bear
To lands remote, or ports anear.
The life, the joy, the zest I ween
Makes fair an ever-changing scene.

Hark, with a whistle, rush and roar,
The steam cars halt upon the shore ;
And from the gateway open wide
Add ever to the human tide

That swirls and rushes through the street,
A mass of eager, hurrying feet.—
What had you done, — O Traffic, say!
Had you pursued your ancient way?
Had not your Titans launched forth
Their transit schemes above the earth?

And later still, a mighty feat!
Planted the subway 'neath the street.
Now freighted cars go dashing forth
Upon, above, below the earth,
And though the cars seem demon driven
With all the aid of science given,
The eager throngs would haste before
To reach the office, home or store.

Here massive stores contiguous lie
And seem almost to reach the sky
Their facades show the artist's hand
And all that Wealth and Taste command,
While costliest goods placed in display
Dazzle the mind's eye e'en by day.
I marvel as I see displayed
Such evidence of mighty trade,—
While ever more I see the flow
Of men and women onward go,
Earnest and purposeful and fair
With graceful step, and high bred air.

Great is New England's greatest mart,
Let him be glad who bears a part,
Yet 'tis not in the open street
Wherein her mightiest forces meet,
Within her walls and silently
Is being wrought her destiny.

AT THE MANUFACTORY

THIS is the factory, a fine large building
Close by the river as we near the town,
With its tall chimneys, still forever yielding
Their clouds of smoke, from fires that go not down.

I see the rushing of the mighty waters
That leap the dam and hasten to the sea,
And the pent stream, like Titan's sons and
daughters,
That turn the great wheels of the factory.

I hear the murmuring of a mighty emprise,
Of wheel and lathe, of hammer, forge and drill
Now rising high then sinking lower, dies
In pleasing cadences within the mill.

I enter by the office and, before me
See men with visions keen and high renown,
The Captains of a mighty Industry
Whose enterprise has largely made the town.

I see the clerks engaged in correspondence
With every state and lands beyond the sea,
And can but note the system and concordance
Of rapid figures and dexterity.

I see the artisans with subtile fingers,
Deft in their work with lathe and forge and drill.
One well may pause and wonder as he lingers
To see the product of consummate skill.

And last of all, for man is more than metal,
I note the fellow feeling and good will
A rare kind influence so sweet, so subtile,
That makes for harmony throughout the mill.

It is for this I praise you, great Employers,
Who build so well in metal, wood and stone,
That you are not of those who are destroyers
Of them whose welfare is so near your own.

Reach out your strong arms in the fields of Commerce,

And grasp new realms by courage, strength and skill,
While your glad workmen still shall proudly rehearse

Their happy lots, whose homes are near the mill.

AFTER AN EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW

SWEET be the rest of the poet
Now that his work is done,
Green be the grave where he lieth,
He has the laurel won.

'Tis well the people crown him,
And he will wear that crown
As the years in a long procession
Go steadily moving down.

His tales of love and sorrow
Will be read as the years go by,
As long as the heart has pity
And tears bedew the eye.

We shall sing his gentle lyrics
When the twilight settles round,
While the heart is yearning, longing
For the good it has not found.

'Tis well the children love him,
How fain would he place their feet
In pleasant paths and peaceful,
And their lives should be pure and sweet.

Ah, well he felt how keenly,
That with mountain path and thorn,
Too many a foot were bleeding
Out from the gate of morn.

His tastes were the cultured scholar's,
With a love for the pure and fair,
But a somber form unbidden
Oft sat by his study chair.

We read, and shall read his poems,
And well we may read the whole,
They are tender, and sweet, and thoughtful,
Though sad in their tone to the soul.

AMERICA
TO
KING EDWARD VII

EDWARD the mighty king
Accept the love we bring
The tribute that we sing
Is from the heart.
We come thy name to bless
May health and happiness
Be thine, and great success
Who worthy art.

Thou of the Royal line
Issue of Kings divine
The crown is rightly thine
Reign thou in peace.
Rule fair Brittania's land
And India vast and grand
And with a gracious hand
Thy Colonies.

Let Justice guild thy reign
Throughout thy wide domain
Let no wronged man complain
Of thee the State.
But list to all the cries
As they ascending rise
Before they reach the Skies
And griefs abate.

So shall thy realm increase
Thy glory never cease
And all the arts of Peace
Will fruitage bring.
While men thy name will bless
With all true heartiness
And will implore success
For thee O King.

A TALE

LAST night I was troubled and in sore distress,
For I'd labored long and without success
To compose for my manuscript four more lines,
Four lines in the anapest meter with rhymes,
Or rather endeavored to clothe a thought
In the style and meter in which I had wrought
Eight stanzas already; the which alone
For a fortnight had stood, nor a sentence had
grown.

I had turned and had twisted the English tongue,
And many a change in the words had rung,
Still faulty the meter or faulty the rhyme,
Or feeble the language, or all at a time.
"It is vain, it is useless," at length I sighed,
"Longer to bother, so long have I tried,
My piece to perfection I never shall bring,
However fondly and blindly I cling."

Then thought took a different turn on its wings
From fancy's flight 'mong hidden things,
And I said, "Why thus do I bother my brain,
Grow weary and haggard beneath the strain?
To-morrow shall witness my sheet in the flame,
In its ashes I'll bury all thoughts of a name.
Yea, thoughts will I hold with an iron rein
If ever they fall to rhyming again.
Good-bye to thee, Muse, thou hast tempted me long,
Far in the regions of Fancy and Song;
Thou hast led to destroy, I will break from thy
power,
My rescue I'll date from this dark midnight hour "

And yet a feeling of sadness came
That spread like a blight and covered my frame,
As I turned to my pillow, to seek repose
In sleep, blessed sleep, the balm for all woes.
I slept ; if my waking was one of pain,
Of clouds and darkness and dripping rain,
My sleep was as calm as an Eden morn,
With roses and fragrance, and never a thorn.
I slept. O, who can tell by what means
We picture in sleep such wonderful scenes ?

Hush ! A sound to my ear the night wind brings
A flapping sound as a sound of wings,
And the air borne back from its onward course
Gave a low, soft sound like the music of verse.
To my door one alighted, when, lo, behold !
My cottage was changed to a palace of gold.
High, broad and expansive the structure became,
Like castles of old and buildings of fame.
I saw it crowned with turret and dome
And furnished exceeding a prince's home.
He entered my study. Did I ever presume
For such a guest within my room ?
As soft fell his feet on the marble floor
As the breeze of the night on the ocean shore.
Very grave was his step, and grave his tone,
I remember his words, each and every one :

" I am the Muse ; with me belong
The power of fancy, the gift of song ;
My home is the fair elysian blue,
My wanderings extend the wide world through,
And every nation, every tongue,
Have felt my power, my songs have sung.

Yet chary am I where I bestow,
None know my worth and may not know.
I am the sun, like him I shine
By mine own power, my light divine.
Yon satellites reflect my beams,
Your light from the fair fountain streams,
While in degree you feel the ray
With more or less intensity.

"Thee have I called ; and in thy name
Will give the world a potent flame ;
Fear not the labor, nor the field
And thine shall be a bounteous yield.
And thou must write ; I thee inspire
With lucid, high, poetic fire.
Those high-born passions of the soul
Struggling to break from thy control,
Bound as a prisoner with a chain,
Will give, I warn thee, greater pain,
Will more corrode the man and mind
Than all my labor, thou wilt find.
Here is a scroll I bid thee take
And keep it ever for my sake.
Study it well, it will unbind
And bring all needful things to mind."

I reached forth to grasp what was nothing but air,
And thank the kind donor, but no one was there.
The sun was arising, his long slanting beams
Shot through the shutters in bright golden streams.
The night had departed, the morning was come,
My senses were real but passed was my gloom.
My cottage was still the cottage of old,
Nothing was new for mine eyes to behold.

No outward change, but an inward light
Flashed on my brain and is burning bright.
While the lines I had waited and worked for so long
Came with the ease of an old-time song.
The poem is finished, not in ashes consumed,
And despite an oath my pen is resumed.
A rash oath sworn in an evil mood
Could not stand the rush of that mighty flood.
Many a bard, or weak or strong,
Has invoked the aid of the Muse in song,
Well aware that the spirit that guides the pen
Lay not in the power or command of men.
I pretend to no titles, the poet's a name
I will not seek for, or honors, or fame ,
But long on my memory brightly will gleam
What was more than a dream, was more than a
dream.

RESTLESSNESS

O H, why am I compelled to keep
A silent watch, while others sleep,
And note the slow hours as they creep
Snail-paced along.

I, like a prisoner in a chain,
Do writhe upon my bed in pain,
Waiting, but waiting all in vain
For Morpheus' call.

The busy world is on my brain,
I do the day's work o'er again,
And life's events, a mighty train,
Come crowding on.

I form new schemes, alluring, grand,
Which speciously would seem might stand,
And yet I build upon the sand
A castle's walls.

And knowing this I close mine eyes,
Thinking of many a maxim wise
By which to tempt sleep in disguise;
A vain attempt.

Till with a sickly strength I feel
My muscles knit to cords of steel,
A heart to dare, an arm to deal,—
Strength of despair.

Essence of care! The heavy load
That I have borne on life's high road
Doth press upon me as a goad
Forbidding sleep.

I've labored long to win the prize,
A name to dazzle the world's eyes,
A bauble costly for its size,
A life of toil.

Hard through the day, long in the night,
By the bright orb and flickering light,
Have still pursued, and with my might,
One aim alone.

I, who so often have repressed
Kind Nature's sweet and soothing rest;
She comes no more at my request
But truant flies.

Till heavy with the weight of woe
I may not any farther go,
She then her cloak doth o'er me throw
But grudgingly.

SCHOOL DISCIPLINE

THE pedagogue said, "You've lied,"
To the urchin that stood by his side,
"To deceive me a long time you've tried,
That you might stand by the side
Of scholars whose foreheads are wide,
Well cultured with study beside,
While you and a few evil-eyed
After fast horses would ride,
Or down on the ice you would slide.
I've talked and you've ever denied,
I've reasoned and you have replied,
I now will humble your pride
And teach you a lesson beside."

With arms spread far and wide
Like lightning the strokes did glide
Upon the poor urchin's hide,—
To count them I failed, though I tried,
(The scourge was the string of a hide
Both strong and effectually tied
To a hickory thoroughly dried).
By my guess forty stripes were applied
Before that he whimpered or cried,—
When he begged for a while to be tried
He might be severely eyed
Yet no fault in him be implied.

Then the strong arm fell to his side
His voice to a gentler slide,
"Oh! It is not easy to chide,
But my rules you must not o'erride.

I now will give for your guide,
And for all who hear me beside,
A rule with much wisdom supplied :
' Where'er in the world you reside,
Whate'er in the world betide,
Though in fortune's fair car you do ride
Or a wander afoot you do stride,
Let honesty still be your pride,
Do all that you do as if eyed
By a world that is ready to chide,
For each duty that is misapplied,
And be, ever be, and abide,
Ever be as you seem outside.' "

HOW BENJAMIN RIX BECAME GOVERNOR

BENJAMIN RIX at forty-six
Was in a most unhappy fix,
Four small children to be fed,
And no way of earning bread,
Had no cash to buy their shoes,
And the poor man had the blues.

He had tried to live by books,
And his very goodly looks,
Then the highway two years trod,
Agent for the lightning rod.
Then he got out printed bills,
And he made and sold his pills
That would cure all human ills.—
Poor he was and poorer grew,
All the neighbors tell you true,
And he knew not what to do,
What was wrong he thought he knew.

So night by night, by candle-light,
He affirmed with all his might—
In the tavern, in the store,
Rang the changes o'er and o'er—
Reasons why the times were hard,
Why so high were eggs and lard,
Why the poor man should be poor
With the rich so near his door.
It was this and it was that,
" 'Twas the dreadful Democrat,
O the good old times of yore,
Shall we ever see them more? "

"But," said Ben, "I'll try again —
We're not driven to our den,
It shall be this time the hen,
Think I will begin with ten,
Work awhile and see what then —
Think I may invent a way
How to make a small farm pay."

So he bought of choicest blood,
And he *studied* on their food,
And he felt exceeding good,
As any honest worker should.
When one day not far away
Twenty new and fresh eggs lay
In queer boxes in the bay.
Benja looked with mouth and eyes—
Who would not? — his great surprise,
Yet withal a trifle wise,
As he gathered up the prize.

"Guess I've hit a little bit
Of good fortune that will fit,
And profit me in my estate —
'Twere bound to come though it came late.
Yet I'll wait another day
And see what happens in the bay,
Perhaps I'll have a little say
In the store not far away."

Every day, for quite a year,
Twenty eggs would still appear
Whether warm or whether drear,
Whether damp or whether clear,
As a never failing cheer.
And the people ope'd their eyes,
Looked with wonder and surprise,
Some said, "'Tis one of Ben Rix' lies,
He can't fool us if he tries."

But a wit, a wag, a clown,
Let the babble fill the town,
Said he'd seen, day after day,
Twenty eggs brought from that bay,
Then aside, "And I know how,
It will cost me my best cow,
But it's food to see him swell,
Hear the stories he will tell,
See the dupes ope wide their eyes
Show their wonder and surprise.
Yes," said he "I get my pay
In good instalments every day,
I may let the secret lie
In my bosom till I die."

"Now," said Ben, "since I've a prize
It were best to advertise;
And I think I'll have it read
So that all will see and heed,
 'Plymouth Rock
 Improved stock;
Hens will lay
Two eggs and even more a day!
 Eggs and chicks
 At B. Rix'.
You should buy his Standard Food
To improve your present brood.'

I would have a cut with a cock
Crowing proudly on a rock,
But my mortal fear is that
They'd take me for a Democrat,
And think I'd voted 'long with Pat."
But the orders came in broods —
I had almost said in floods,
And he filled them day by day,
Filled his pockets with the pay.

Now it chanced in Granger town
Crops were poor and prices down ;
That the farmers met one day
To devise a better way
How to make their farming pay,
Every talker had his say.
Then uprose our prosperous Ben,
Said, "There's profit in the hen
If you keep the proper stock,
(He preferred the Plymouth Rock.)
If you *feed* the biddies right,
Keep their houses warm and tight,
Give them air and give them light,
As any careful farmer might."
Then he gave the food and cost,
Spoke of how some fowls were lost,
Figured up the total gain ;
It was good, and all seemed plain.

Then 'rose one Professor E
He was of the State A. C.
Asked about the Standard Food ;
Since for fowls it proved so good
And a whole year's test had stood,
Might one feed it to the cow
With a double lacteal flow ?

"I do think so, Mr. E,
I shall solve it, all shall see,
I am sure that I am now
On a process that will show
Startling wonders from the cow.
Soon from only one cow's milk
One can clothe his wife in silk';
Yes, I am most free to say,
Farmers are to have their day."

Then the man alert with quill
Heard the ripple of the rill,
Thought he heard the torrents roar
Only a short way before.
So the County *Trumpet* came
Out pronounced for Ben Rix' name
As a candidate for fame.
"Let him very soon be heard
As a member of the Board.
'There is now a vacant place
We elect him to the race."
So the Governor heard the word
And he placed him on the Board.

Then he travelled long and late,
Up and down, and through the state
The good folks to educate.
He proved ready in debate,
And his heart it was so great
One might rarely find its mate.

And he talked of fowls and feeds,
And he talked of herds and breeds,
And he spoke of famous steeds,
Of the many kind of weeds,
Of the care in choosing seeds.
Spoke of men and gallant deeds.

Then he had his little jokes
For the many funny folks,
And his stories he could tell,
Oft repeated, O so well.
So he won almost all hearts
By his arts or want of arts.
With the men 'twas "Honest Ben,"
With the women "Man of men."

So it came, though it came late,
He was Governor of the State,
And he waxed exceeding great,
Though he quite forgot the date
And the man that fixed his fate.

But the wag, the wit, the clown,
Said, "Men go up, and men go down,
Some bear their shovels, some a crown,
What a bubble is renown !
It's too late for me to frown,
I will let the secret lie
In my bosom till I die."

THE NEW DAIRYING OF JOHN WOOD

I'M a plain, common man, by the name of John Wood,

I had done pretty well, it was so understood,
And had almost paid for a very good farm.
The house was kept tidy, the barns neat and warm,
I'd a herd of nice Jerseys, not thoroughbred cows,
The hay filled two spacious, accessible mows.
The milk was delicious, the butter was sweet,
And packed in plain boxes, simple and neat,
Which sold for good prices year after year,
And never a fault-finding word did I hear.
No happier couple e'er travelled in life
Than I and my excellent, lovable wife.

But the wave of Progression once struck our town
And rolled in great billows threatening to drown
The "fossils" and "mossbacks" who nothing
would learn.

And so, as we all had a living to earn,
New methods, new knowledge, we must have on the
farm,

A possible lack entailed probable harm.

And as we were farmers, and dairying the rule,
We went in good force to the new dairy school.

There we learned of bacteria, we learned of the cell
Of disease in the milk, and of death in the well.
There were microbes galore and millions of germs,—
Till I was muddled and mixed in all of the terms,
And whether 'twere microbe or whether 'twere Boer
I hardly could tell in that wordy downpour.

Only this: that whether in barn or on hill,
Those creatures were stubborn to conquer or kill.
But when the Professor with feeling gave vent
"To keep clean! To keep clean!" we knew what
he meant.

Now as I'm a plain and practical man,
I hastened me home, and my labors began, —
But first I met my good wife at the door,
And I earnestly said, "There's disease on the
floor,
On the walls, in the water, alack, and the air,
And Death lies a-crouching like a beast in his lair."
Then I spoke of bacteria, microbes and germs,—
And managed to get in a few Latin terms,—
How they'd revel and thrive in the milk and the
cream
And multiply faster than one's wildest dream.

"Now as we're for business, and business I mean,
We must keep our new dairy perfectly clean.
There must be no odors, no flies, and no dust,
I mean what I say, there certainly must."

But May,—how I wronged her—looked so sad
and amazed
And rightfully thought I was cranky or crazed
As she said, "You know, John, we had prospered
before,
And I fail to see such harm at our door,
But I'll aid you and help you as ever I've done
In all of your projects ever begun."

I hustled and bustled from barn to the house
As wide as a bedbug, as spry as a louse,
And evermore pondered the "whys" and the
"hows"

I could equal the barns, and the State Dairy cows.
But, you see, I soon found as my labors began
I needed the help of a strong hired man.
Of course I must have such utensils and tools
As they use with success at the State Dairy
schools.

But which? The agents soon found me and tried
All their arts, which were legion, and oh, how they
lied!

Till at last, all bewildered and to get me some rest,
I bought, though I knew not which was the best.

Well, I seemed to prosper quite well at the first,
And I thought, with some pride, I was pretty well
versed

In the art; so I talked very glibly at home and
the store,

With my friends, of the "butterfat," the "test"
and the "score."

With my wife 'twas "bacteria," "microbes," and
"germs,"

And I made them appear like horrible worms.
"The dairyman now must be thoroughly skilled,
Some microbes must live and some must be killed."

But once on a time, all astounded, I read,
From my dealer in butter, a letter that said,
"Off flavor! Quite poor! You will please bear in
mind

And send me no further grease of that kind."

And then how I fumed and fretted and fussed,
"I must find the cause, I certainly must."
Was it in the feed, in the air, or the cows?
Could it be in the barn? Was it not in the house?
So I asked all so brusquely—I know I'm a boor—
What I'd asked her, perhaps, forty odd times before,

Whether she'd thoroughly scalded the pails,
"The outside, the inside, as well as the bails."
While there, just before me, every one
Stood polished like mirrors right in the sun.
As it was at the first, 'tis ever the same,
"The woman Thou gavest me, she is to blame."

Then May fairly wilted and burst into tears,
The first I had seen in all of our years,—
Next morn, as she weak and helplessly lay,
So pale and so worn, she begged me to stay
By her side and read as of old from the Book,
And I saw in her eyes a far-away look.
Then I said, "Other things have I learned
Than how cows should be fed, and cream should
be churned,

There are errors, grave errors all through the Word.
Where could you have lived and never have heard?

Then she said, "I'm so sorry, but never you fear,
I'll destroy every one if it takes me a year."
You see she'd confounded my bacterian terms
And thought that the Book had dangerous germs.
"But, John," she said sweetly, "don't hasten away,
Let us talk of the past, of a happier day,
When the fields were so fresh and the sky was so
blue,
And the stars were so bright, and so soft fell the
dew,

And the flowers were so sweet in the garden and
dell,
And so cool was the water drawn from the well.
When we saw the nice things, and had nothing to
fear,
And lived very happily many a year."

Well, the fever ran high for a week, and she died,
And I shed my first tears, all too late, at her side,
Then my troubles came thick as vultures for prey,
'Twas "Pay for past contracts, please hasten and
pay."

Till, vexed beyond measure, I made me a vow
I would pay every bill if it took my last cow.

So now I've no wife to brighten the house,
And I have my barns but no nice Jersey cows.
In exchange I have gained a few dairy rules
And a very good set of unused dairy tools,
But had I the peace and the purse as of yore
I'd not play the crank or the fool any more.

I DARE THE STORM

WILD is this Winter night,
The Storm reigns in his might,
To-day he asserts his might
And rules with iron hand.

How cold o'er this bleak hill,
Horror the air doth fill,
'Tis sighing, moaning still
From wind and swaying trees.

Not one of man or beast
Dare face the furious blast,—
A howling, lifeless waste —
I roam the wild alone.

Ten long miles I have tread,
Twelve more stretch out ahead
That I must travel, ere I'm led
To friends and to warm fires.

I'm weary, I am weak,
For rest my limbs bespeak,
Earth pillowing my cheek,
Wild screeching winds o'erhead.

Sleep! Sleep! Then would my visions end,
In sleep, where no dreams e'er attend,
'Tis Death with chilly hand
That's calling after me.

Shall I return, or on the brow
So far I now have gone—
In this wild waste and lone,
Retreat were vain.

Friends warned me of the storm,
Of danger and of harm,
"You're young and slight, your form
Lest morn you ne'er shall see."

"This day," I cried, "was set to go,
I've waited too long even now,
However cold the blast may blow,
It shall not reign o'er me."

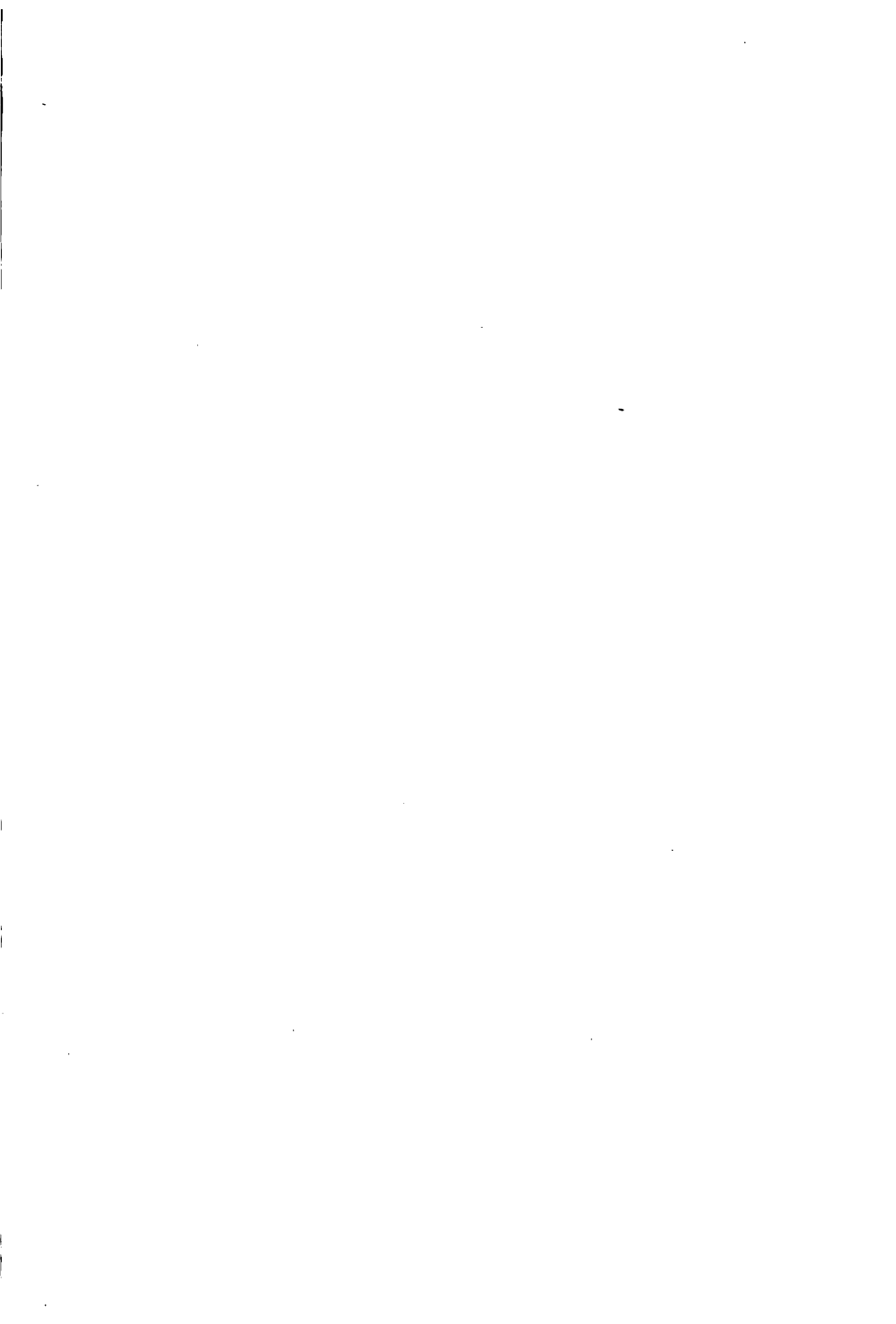
"It shall not reign," I said,
What courage and now sped?
I'm nought without the aid
Of that fire which's within.

Away, thou coward fear,
There's no place for thee here,
The thought brings pain severe
That I have harbored you.

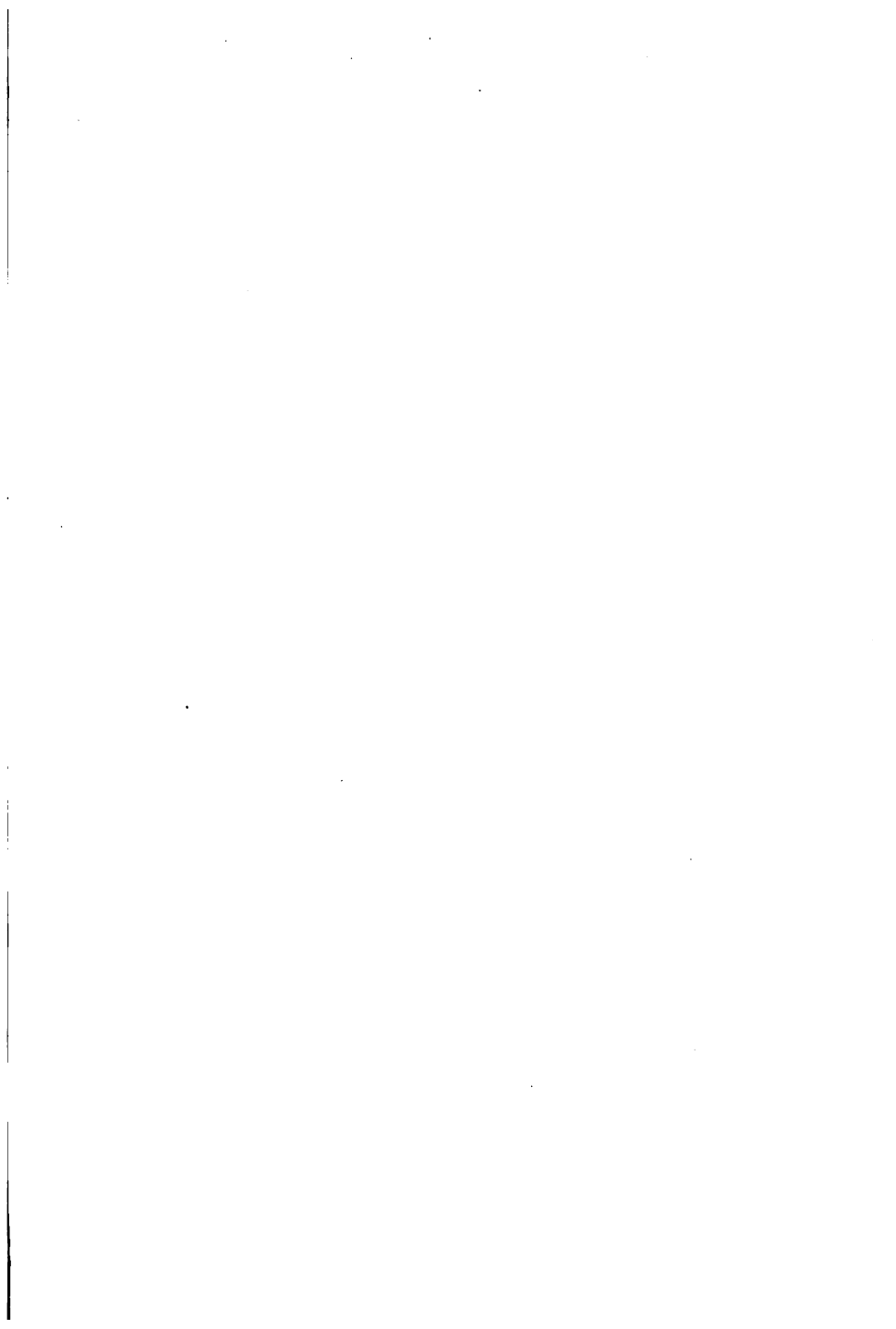
The morrow morn shall find
Me safe from storm and wind,
And praises warm and kind
Will shower on my brave head.

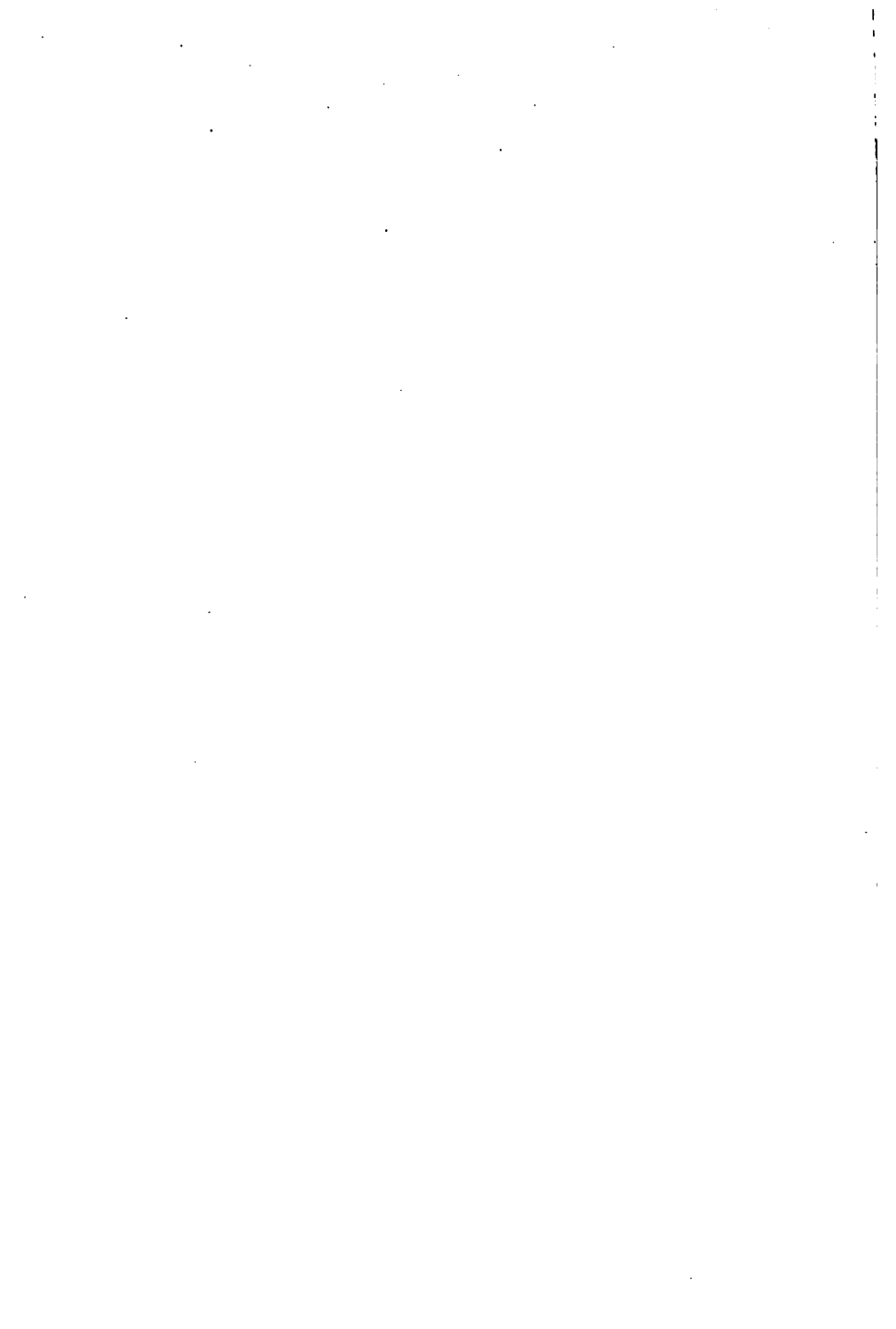
Who cares for the raging storm?
It never can me harm,
While this fire burns within so warm,
Ambition's lurid fire.

Then wild winds shriek in woe,
Pale moon withdraw from view,
Despair let cowards know,
I scorn the name of fear.











MAR 24 1911

MAY 18 1913



